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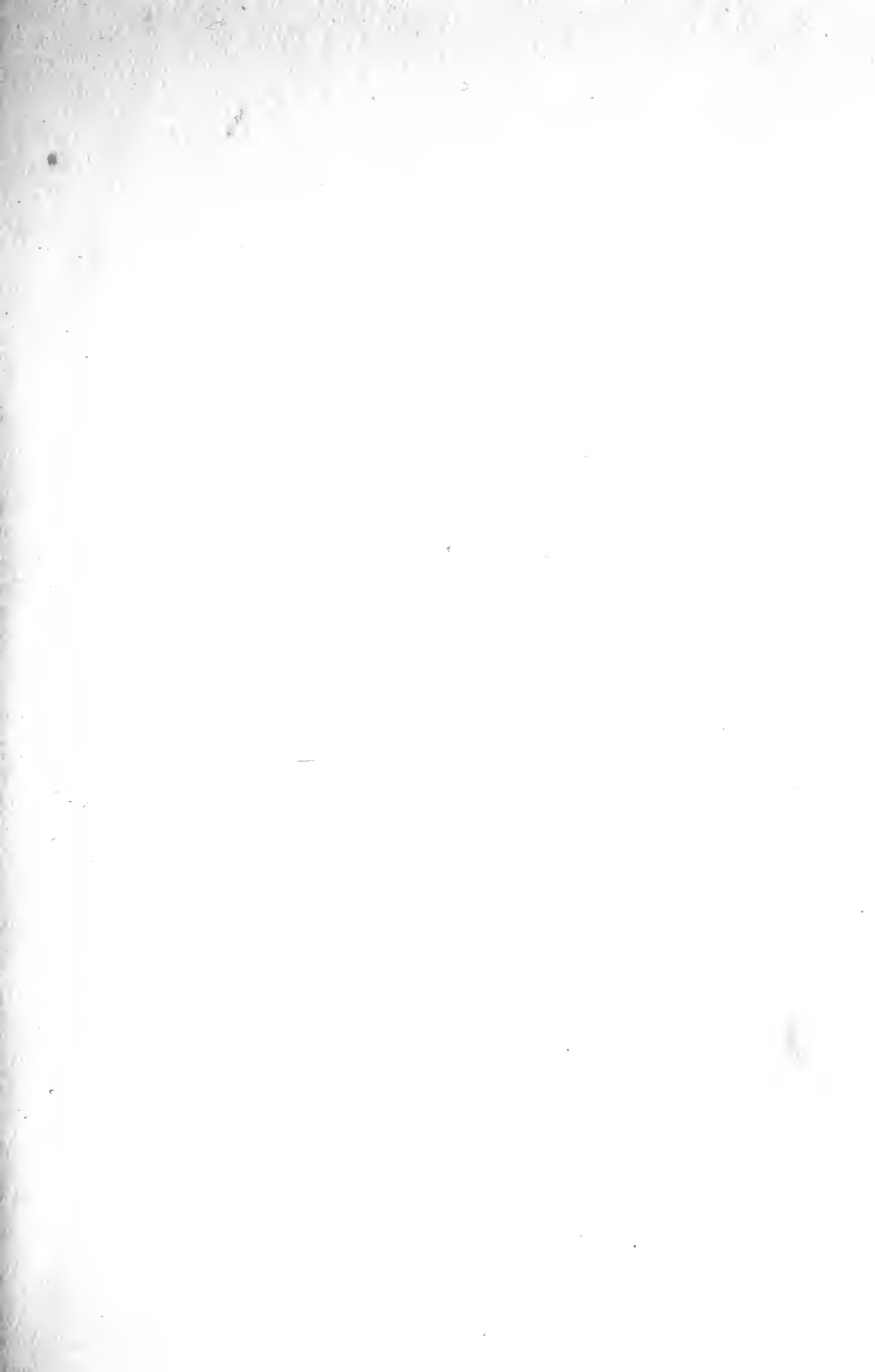


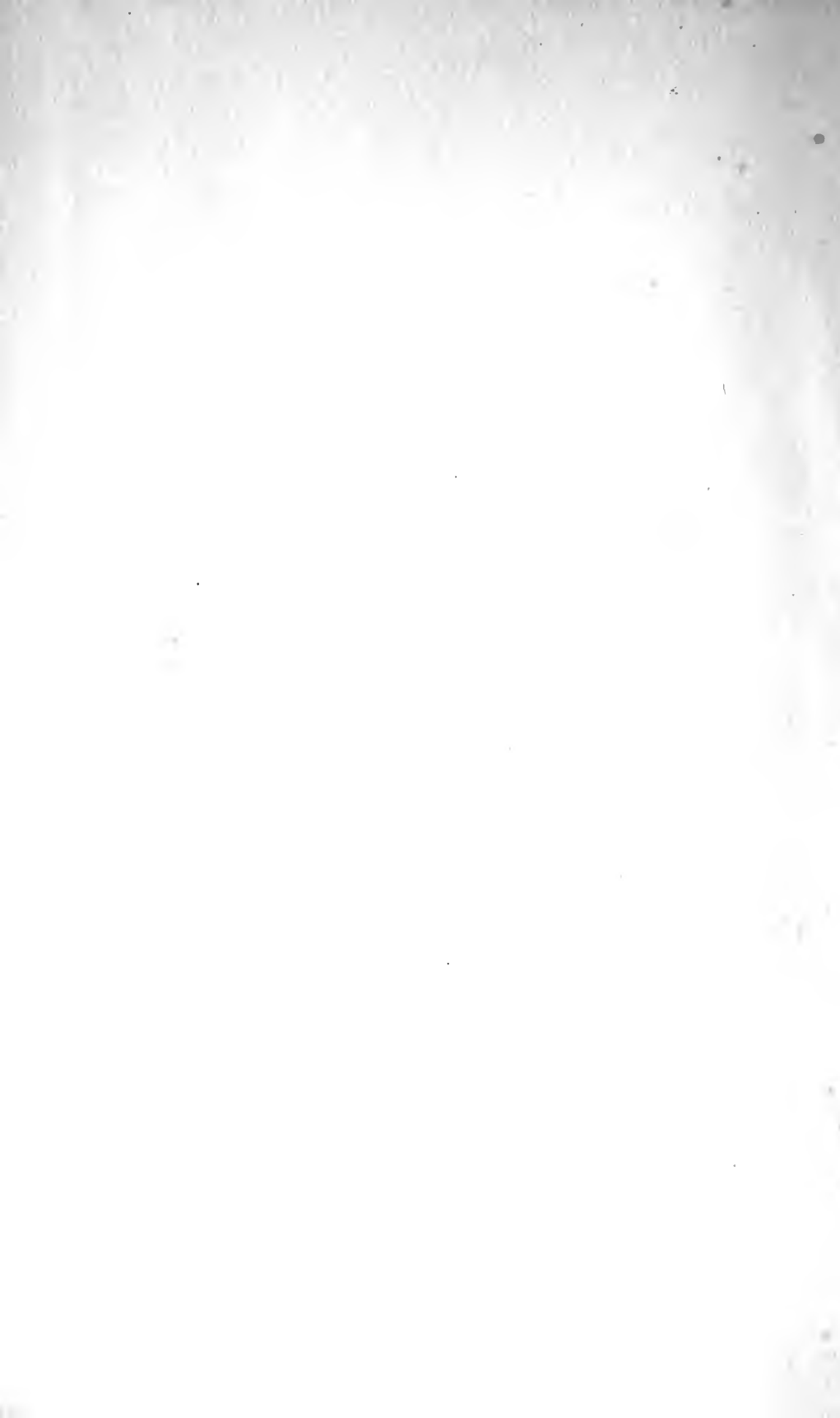
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THE ALTRUIST

BY

Joseph F.
JOE STANLEY



BOSTON

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IN EXPLANATION

The object of the following tales
Shall consist of a few observations,
All gathered along life's rocky trails
In years of roaming thru nations.
'Twill please me if the Reader can see
And feel I would sing all my strains
In the interests of all humanity,
Not for self or great captains of gains.
I have no political axes to grind
For myself, or any one creed,
For as yet I have been unable to find
One not more or less ruled by greed.
New laws of self condemn and bar
Sentiment that approaches compassion.
Selfish ideals now stand above par
And are quite in the style or fashion.
So I shall not ape new fashions or style,
Nor attempt to master the art
Of seeking applause by word or smile
That does not come from the heart.
So I pray all my songs of hope and cheer
Will be welcomed thruout the nation,
Defining ideals all white men hold dear
And my dreams of Real Civilization.

CONTENTS

	Page
THE ALTRUIST	13
THE WANDERING SPIRIT OF DOUBT . . .	16
THE SPIRIT OF UNREST	19
THE APPEAL	21
THE SPIRIT OF DOUBT ANSWERS	22
SONNETS BY THE SPIRIT OF DOUBT . . .	23
SONNETS BY THE SPIRIT OF REASON . . .	26
THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH	32
SONNETS SUNG BY THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH .	34
A STRANGE DISCOVERY	36
RUTH	38
NEARING HIS GOAL	42
DADDY	47
THE RANGER AND RUTH PRAY FOR SUCCESS	50
PLANNING THE FUTURE	52
THE EXPERIMENT AT MIDNIGHT	54
THE RANGER IS PLACED IN COMMAND . .	56
RUTH EXPLAINS	57
PRAYING FOR COMPASSION	59
DADDY'S IDOL	60
THE EXPERIMENT BY DAY	62
PERFECTING THE NEW PLAN	64
DADDY FAVORS THE NEW PLAN	65
DADDY'S LAST INSTRUCTIONS	66
THE PARTING	67
PART II.	
A STRANGE CHRISTIAN	68
SCENTING WORK	69

CONTENTS

AN UNSUCCESSFUL DOLLAR DRIVE . . .	70
A STRANGE SERMON OR PRAYER . . .	73
REFLECTIONS	75
WIRELESS THO'T TRANSMISSION . . .	77
THE NEW MENACING DANGER	78
THE INTERVIEW	79
THIRTY MINUTES' GRACE	81
THE DAILY MISLEADER EVAPORATES . .	83
THE RANGER FINDS A LOYAL FRIEND . .	84
MORE CURSES AND LAMENTATIONS . . .	85
THE BRAND	86
A SYMPATHETIC FRIEND	87
THE FRIEND VOLUNTEERS	88
THE PROPOSITION AND ACCEPTANCE . .	89
THE LAST CHANCE	90
THE TEST	91
MORE MISLEADING COMMENTS	92
REFLECTIONS	93
THE PURSUIT	94
THE ATTACK	95
THE COMPULSORY CONFESSION	96
THE LECTURE AND BRAND	97
THE VOLUNTEER PLANS SAFETY	98
INSTRUCTIONS	99
TWO ANXIOUS HOURS	100
THE RANGER'S PROPHECY FULFILLED . .	101
THE LIGHT REFLECTS TRUTH	103
THE GODDESS OF TRUTH	105
SIX DISCIPLES OF MIGHT ARE PUNISHED	108
PROGRESS	109
MORE IMPEDIMENTS TO PROGRESS . . .	111
COMPARING NOTES	112
HERALDS OF FAITH AND MISTRUST . . .	113
MOURNFUL HOWLS	114

CONTENTS

INSPIRING AMBITION	115
SAFETY FIRST	116
FURTHER INVESTIGATION	117
THE MENACE IS AGAIN MANIFEST	118
COMMENTING AND PLANNING	119
DIGESTING REAL GOOD NEWS	120
SELECTING CHAMPIONS OF RIGHT	121
FURTHER REFLECTIONS	122
EXTOLLING DADDY AND RUTH	123
MORE THO'T TRANSMISSION	124
PRAISING THE VOLUNTEER AND PLANNING	125
REFLECTIONS THAT BURNED	126
A PERSONAL LETTER TO THE LEADING EDI- TORS	127
THE PROPHECY AND SUGGESTIONS	128
NEXT DAY	129
THE PROPHESED PANIC	131
THE PANIC	132
SUMMING UP THE SITUATION	133
A USELESS NOTE	134
RESTING AND COMMENTING	135
THE LAST INSTRUCTIONS	136
ONE LONG HOUR OF WAITING	137
THE VOLUNTEER'S REFLECTIONS	138
THE FRUITS OF HONEST TOIL	140
THE LIGHT THAT ENLIGHTENED	141
THE MESSAGE OF LOVE	142
REJOICING	147
THE BIRTH OF CIVILIZATION	148
YEARNINGS FOR HOME	149
ON THE WAY	150
RUTH'S REFLECTIONS	152
WHEN IDEALS MEET	153
NATURAL HORSE SENSE	154

CONTENTS

THE RANGER REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF	155
THE RANGER'S REWARD	156
THE POWER OF GOLD	159
RUMINATIONS	161
IF CHRIST RETURNED TO-DAY	162
A NATURAL DREAMER	163
COMPARING DRONES	164
FURTHER REFLECTIONS AND A PRAYER	165
ONE LOYAL SLAVE	166
ANOTHER NATURAL PRAYER.	167
A QUEER CAMP	168
INTRODUCING OUR DREAM GOD	169
DREAMING	170
THE AWAKENING	174
THE FLIGHT AND EXPLANATION	175
RECOUNTING THE PAST	176
THE STUDENT'S IDEAL	177
WOUNDED PRIDE	178
SELF DEFENCE	179
RECONCILED	180
THE ANSWER	180
THE STUDENT'S SONGS OF THE PAST	181
PROFESSOR DAN	182
A STRANGE CEREMONY	183
THE CHRISTENING	184
THE EXPLANATION AND BLESSING	184
A SONG OF THE HEART	186
RUTH'S ENCORE	187
MEMORIES OF BYGONE DAYS	188
BROKEN REVERIES	189
REVELATIONS	190
REJOICING	191
A REGRETFUL AWAKENING	192

THE ALTRUIST

THE ALTRUIST

When the day's toil is done
And the night has begun,
'Tis Nature's plan we should rest.
Then our true sons of toil
Who don't live to despoil,
Often dream the dreams white men like best.
One could feel aught but shame,
If he sanctioned the game
Of life so many now play,
That dictates all for self,
Lust of blood, gold and pelf,
With the scientific chorus, Pay, Pay.

If compassion were part
Of what rules a man's heart,
And he could read Our Master's great plan,
Can we honor His laws
When we manicure claws
Of avarice and all its clan?
Should a true son not speak
Of the scientific streak
Of self that rules us to-day?
Should we brand him a fool
If his mouth does not drool
With joy, when we sing, Pay, Pay?

If his tho'ts stray or roam
To some chance peaceful home
Where a man may yet be a man,
He invites jeering howls
From the masked, selfish jowls
Of mammon, and his servile clan,
Who condemn sons of toil
Who will not despoil
For our reigning Gods of Success
Of the new modern kind,
Who are both deaf and blind
To all natural wails of distress.

Once we deemed it no crime
When we shook off the slime
Of conventions, and courted God's truth.
Then few Gods of Finance
Taught and prompted the dance
Of death, and self. And one youth
Was convinced fewer schemers
Condemned our best dreamers
Who dreamed not of conquest and pelf
As the just royalty
Of all kings that be,
Who rule by their own laws of self.

So he dreamed one day
Of a near future lay
Of new songs, so loyal and true
They'd define self success,
Hardships, miseries, distress,
As mostly all bred by one crew.
Pitcure apering conventions
Only rank fool pretensions,
Blood and gold lust as man's ruling passion,
Unmask all the vile things
Breeding hordes of new kings,
Who keep mammon songs in the fashion.

Then his dream seemed to change.
He was roaming God's range,
Had awakened to see the sun rise
On a scene set in peace,
With no war gods police
To deface it all by foul lies.
Then it seemed a black steed
With four white socks or feet
Appeared, and he rode out of sight.
And it seemed heart and soul
Both dictated the goal
He must reach before dark that night.

THE WANDERING SPIRIT OF DOUBT

A rider with fearless, honest, grey eyes,
Had been riding hard all day
Over old rough trails, beneath blue western skies,
And he dreamed the new altruist's lay.
He courted the Spirits of Reason and Truth,
Pastimes in which altruists revel.
'Twas easy to see this dreamy youth
Feared neither God, man, nor devil.

He had drawn mental pictures by the score
Of the hopes of many great nations.
Fancied he heard great singers of yore
Singing of future civilizations.
At such times his dreamy eyes shot fire,
Moreso when he gazed to the East,
And he'd mutter, "Will those fools ever tire
Of dancing at mammon's feast?"

Waves of compassion oft clouded his eyes,
When he dwelt on Our Master's great plan,
Long since replaced by selfish lies
To appease all the lusts of man,
To sanction his right to kill and despoil,
To satiate his lust for gold,
To slaughter true, honest sons of toil,
Moreso than in the days of old.

Both rider and steed were jaded and worn
As the sun went down in the west,
For they had rode hard since early morn.
Now nature dictated rest.
So the Ranger spoke kindly words to the steed,
Gently patted him with his free hand,
Whispered, "Socks, we'll soon have a rest and
feed."

And Socks seemed to understand.

But again he fell into a deep reverie,
Dreamed of hearts and souls that are sold
Like chattels to breeders of miserie.
Then he dreamed of the power of gold.
Of a sudden an old cabin loomed to the right
And the sight wrecked his mental train
Of tho'ts, as he shouted, "Socks, camp for the
night."

And Socks caught his joyful refrain.

A puzzled look spread over his face
As he drew up before the one door.
And he mused, "As I live, this is the place
I've dreamed of so often before."
But he knocked, tho' he felt not a living soul
Had been near the cabin for years.
And something whispered, This is your goal.
So he entered without any fears.

Strange emotions seemed to grip his heart
As he stepped thru the open door,
Unprepared for the sight, he gave a quick start
At what he saw on the floor,—
A skeleton sat in the only chair
And seemed to smile at the Ranger,
While sheets of writing were strewn everywhere
And the skeleton said, "Howdy, Stranger."

He started again, but soon gained control
Of all fears at this gruesome sight,
For the voice seemed that of a friendly soul
That welcomed him for the night.
Then he muttered, "Imagination plays pranks
With a fellow when tired and worn
And hungry too, but, Old Timer, here's thanks
For your letting me bunk here till morn."

Just then he heard the friendly neigh
Of Socks, his true, faithful beast,
And answered, "Yes, Socks dear, right away
I'll fix you up so you can feast."
He soon had the trappings on the ground
And Socks started browsing close by.
Many grouse were drumming all around.
Now storm clouds darkened the sky.

Soon after all his trappings and gear
Were stowed away in the big room,
He prepared him a meal, ate without fear.
Then he heard the first rumbling boom
Of the storm as it broke, and the cabin shook
As the wind drove the rain down hard.
And he mused, "Well, here's where I bunk with
a spook
Anyhow. Good Night, Old Pard."

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST

'Tis night. Spectral shadows seem to creep
Towards a dreamer who vainly courts sleep.
He watches the shadowy forms come slinking
Still nearer, then started dreaming or thinking.
His brain phantoms now assumed different
shapes,
All wearing long flowing black or white crepes.
Then he mused, "What has come over me?
Are these phantoms real that I seem to see?
But bosh, what have honest men to fear,
Or I, of things that cannot be here?
For spirits could not be bought or sold
To crime for glory, fame or gold.
So get ye gone, spirits, out of my sight.
I have dreamed enough for one day and night."

Now an inky darkness prevailed in the room
And his eyes could scarcely pierce the black
gloom.

Then he fancied he heard a strange rustling sound
Like the rustling of dry leaves on a new mound.
The spirits stayed on and the Ranger, made bold,
Said, "Come, then, spookys, what have ye to
scold?

Is this play arranged by some mammon champ?
Did ye lure me here as your goat or scamp?
Are ye out soliciting still more recruits
To help clean your majesty's golden boots?
If so, I am totally deaf and blind
To any and all of his dirty kind.
So get ye gone, go inspire the song
Of your master in hell where ye all belong."

He had partly risen from his bed.
Now, strangely excited, he hurriedly said,
"Hold, Spirits, perchance I've made a mistake.
If so, I know I should feel heart-ache.
If ye be honest spirits, please won't you stay
And kindly listen to what I shall say?
I have seen men live, have seen men die,
Seen the greatest of all live a living lie

And defy all the laws of God and man,
As he fell 'neath the banners of mammon's clan.
Seen others make laws in many a land
That in truth would read, Supply the Command
Of all who court smiles on the Mammon's snout.
So I'll ask a few questions of which I'm in doubt.

THE APPEAL

For twenty long years I've searched and trailed
After God's honest truth, but feel I've failed.
As God is my judge, I yet do not know
Why His truths exist only in shreds here below.
So, Spirits, please tell me why I have failed?
Why our most earnest seekers of truth are jailed?
Why God's honest truths are still stranger than
fiction?
Why man tolerates every glittering restriction?
Why brothers are set at the throats of brothers?
Why we still make recruiting stations of mothers?
Lives there one mortal that can sing a song
That will define the right from the wrong?
If ye answer me, Spirits, I'll pray for ye all
But never from any mammon stall."

THE SPIRIT OF DOUBT ANSWERS

Now a black-robed spirit faced about
And announced,—“I am the Spirit of Doubt.
We are come to inspire thee with thine song
And tell thee wherein thou art right or wrong.
In turns we shall answer all questions you ask
Also tho'ts your heart cannot yet unmask,
But we shall answer in our own strain,
So attention please, lest we all sing in vain.
We shall sing the true restless spirits' song
That will create new hells on earth ere long,,
Lest altruists can stop this selfish fest
That breeds all the spirits of unrest.
My song will answer much of the lay
Of songs your heart sang this very day.

SONNETS BY THE SPIRIT OF DOUBT

Thank God some men still possess clean brains
And their hearts contain natural compassion
And will not list to the inhuman strains
Of self, so much the new fashion.
True hearts are sickening at the new lay
But the war gods' powers are shrinking.
While worldly paytriots howl, Pay, Pay,
Real white men have started thinking.

New questions are forming in many a heart,
Soon misrulers must define the gammon
Of honoring laws and adopting the art
Of breeding disciples of mammon.
Soon many white men will want to know
What creates modern screws of extortion,
How young civilization is to grow
When we must invite its abortion.

Real Spirits of Unrest all know well
What creates hordes of profiteers,
Know they create only an earthly hell,
Still they gouge on without any fears.
Know they create more misery and tears
And inspire many much-needed toilers
To join the ranks of new profiteers
And become real modern despoilers.
Altruists know that nations are facing the brink
Of destruction, yet dare not defy
Conventions that rule. Altruists must not think
But the true altruist knows why,
He knows plutocracy works in the dark,
Would corral the world's power of gold,
Would extinguish every ray or spark
Of truths that are seldom told.

As yet we must nurse the scientific schemers,
Must not question the golden plan
That condemns every altruistic dreamer
That will not dream for their clan.
But true hearts are singing a different lay,
In many or near every nation,
Besides the strains of Pay, Pay, Pay,
That is stifling whole civilizations.
Still paid mud-slingers soothe the fears,
Sing songs like this to their kings,—
Rest easy, those singers are but sonetteers
Do not fear those poor ignorant things.
We will soon still their Spirits of Unrest,
Compel them to understand
Mammon Songs are what they all like best,
With the chorus,—Supply On Command.

Greed boldly straddles mountains of pelf
And lustily bawls out its own laws of self.
Martyred heroes rise in their graves and cry,—
God of Heavens, for what did we bleed and die?
Was it only to create still more despoilers
To bleed our own mothers, fathers and toilers?
Is there no law in any man's land
That can forge a hobble, muzzle or brand

To burn on these Spirits of Avarice?
Why pay them royalties? What is their price?
Are these cursed spirits not yet satisfied
When millions and millions have bled and died?
White men, stop this cursed mammon fest,
Or ye'll soon know the true Spirits of Unrest.

Still, disciples of greed sing the silent lay,—
Come, Slaveys, damn you, Pay, Pay, Pay.
We are the true breeders of autocracy,
Have been for ages, and so it must be.
You must be ruled by our golden rods
Of hate, for we are your earthly gods.
You must list to our scientific golden strains,
Or your very own brothers will beat out your
 brains.
Do you not see our slaves riding bravely for pay
Thru your own brothers' ranks, faces hidden
 away,
Because they are foolish enough to insist
For the right to dictate how they shall exist?
We do not fear the new altruist's lay,
For our hordes grow stronger each night and
 day."

SONNETS BY THE SPIRIT OF REASON

Our dreamer had listened as never before,
His questions were answered and many more.
The Spirit of Doubt had not sung in vain.
Now the Spirit of Reason took up the strain,
Saying,—“Brother, I am come here to sing
Thee songs in which natural reason shall ring.
I shall sing you only suggestive themes
That you may know we can read your dreams.
I shall sing, or suggest perhaps, eight or ten score,
And they shall inspire thee thousands more.
I must hasten, brother, we are pressed for time.
Ere morning we sing in a foreign clime.
So attention, please brother, miss not a word
Of the strangest song you ever heard.

Sing of rejected laws we know are divine,
Why tho't-pearls are not digested by swine,
Why we worship the Spirits of Avarice,
Why they can always exact their own price,
Why we must kill off the Godddess of Truth,
Why we marvel at mulish wisdom of youth.
Sing why true tales are seldom told,
Sing of Ships of State and the Power of Gold,
Equipped with the scientific compass of hate
And ballasted at mammon's golden gate,

Sing a few heart songs inspired by hunger,
Why we almost worship the sensation monger.
Why we crown and honor great double-enders,
Then define modern, sanctimonious, pretenders.

Sing about great captains of success,
Trampling on every flag of distress.
Define our modern laws of self
And our scientific love of ill-gotten pelf.
Streaks that are never considered yellow
Unless they exist in some other fellow.
Hiding golden bones of contentions,
One of our noblest and finest conventions.
A wonderful picture of imagination,
Striving to attain real civilization.
Sing of the limits of love and hate,
Pension off captains who wont navigate,
Mothers blazing trails to real civilization,
Refusing to act as recruiting stations.

Sing of problems that baffle the entire world,
Why mammon banners are seldom unfurled.
Sing of queenly kings, occupations that pay,
Gambling the lives of whole nations away.
Sing songs never sung by one king or queen,
Blending the orange with the green.
Hero worship, the new modern play,

Forgotten in a night and a day.
Sailing thru oceans of blood and tears,
Navigation by modern profiteers.
Mammonites and their selfish kine,
Forcing toilers into the thinking line.
A rather peculiar prophet's prediction,—
Truth will not always be stranger than fiction.

Sing why truth is a dangerous stranger,
Why courting truth oft means courting danger.
Mothers teaching great captains to navigate
Without the compass of mistrust and hate.
And then defining our loyal traitors
Hatched by natural or golden incubators.
Side-track conventions we can do without,
Courting the smile on the mammon snout,
A brand new dose of political snags
Chewing up bales of foreign rags.
The failure of modern autocracy,
Creating an old, but new colony,
Human hogs and their scientific grunts,
Great mile-a-minute millionaire stunts.

Reconciling the masses and classes,
Abolishing scientific poison gases,
Defying all the new laws of self
By blasting straight trails thru mountains of pelf.

Define the end of the selfish trail,
Songs of the heart that will not fail,
Discouraging breeders of autocracy,
A traitor to his own family.
Slaves of gold, sanctimonious scholars,
The gods, marks, guineas, francs, rubles, dollars.
Seeds sown freely among honest toilers
Breeding new hordes of selfish despoilers.
Selfishness, nature's most poisonous weed
Breeding scientific disciples of greed.

Sing of refinement and cultivation
As the first essentials to civilization.
Define the world as one great garden
Cultivated and ruled by its natural warden,
Who never will cultivate rank, foul weeds,
Nor refine and propagate poisonous seeds.
So why manicure any selfish claw,
Since we know 'tis not a natural law?
Business genius that wont understand,
Honored with a muzzle or a brand,
Resurrected laws of cold steel,
Obedient slaves, the waster's ideal,
How the average manicured waster behaves,
Ruminations, thinkers, balky slaves.

Our beautiful Garden of Humanity,
Natural regrets, brothers, sisters, are we?
Visions of a near future day,
Paytriots muzzled for singing, Pay, Pay.
Martyred heroes,—What do they think
In their graves of selfish ideals that stink?
Sing, Live and Let Live, and Equality
As sung by our future singers to be.
The dawn is breaking. Why despair?
Altruists gaining strength everywhere.
Political games of masked pretentions,
Rewarding and condemning honest intentions.”
Now our dreamer fairly gasped for breath
As the spirits all sang Modern Dances of Death.

“Sing of preventions for murder or war,
Altruistic laws never tried before,
Laws made in years, for people that pay,
Discarded by Mammonites in one day.
Society leaders, the farce of life,
A natural, versus a modern wife.
Financial comedians and kings of finance,
Great big and small games of chance,
Fumigating modern selfish spawn.
A mournful howl, rejoicing. The dawn,
Priceless treasures, a mother’s love,
The greatest gift God sends from above.

Liberty, when? Are we sisters and brothers?
Place your faith in your own mothers.

Sing natural songs defining how we
Should pay all our debts to humanity.
Don't forget to sing why we should play
The game of life in a natural way.
Sing songs no honest true ears can smother,
As true as the stars above, or your mother.
Sing songs of two thousand religious creeds,
While parasites eat, and the toiler feeds.
Why natural songs of the heart sound strange,
Why so few prospect God's big open range.
Why sing "My Country 'tis of thee"?
Why not sing, "Our Country Soon to be"?

Sing of natural, also modern success,
Crowning gilded creators of distress.
Sing of troubles no white man would ever bor-
row

But he must, tho' they only bring misery and
sorrow.

If Christ came among us now, to-day,
Could he teach three weeks? If so, where pray?
Modern prayers. Oh, that fortune smiles on me
In line with our new brand of philosophy,

With sensation mongers in style and in action,
Centralizing life's morbid stage of attraction.
Now, brother, select the themes you deem best
To enlighten all spirits of unrest.
But the Spirit of Truth will now sing to thee
Of truths that are and soon will be."

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH

Now the whitest-robed spirit of them all
Said, "Brother, I know and hear the call
Of your heart, and admire thee for thine convictions
And courage to battle down mammon's restrictions,
For your earnest research since early youth
In courting every vestage of truth.
I am come to answer the questions you ask
And encourage thee in thine arduous task.
To ease thine very heart and soul
And help thee on to thine chosen goal.
You are wrong as regards some of your convictions,
But right as regards inhuman restrictions,
Restrictions that are enslaving whole nations,
Creating unnatural civilizations.

You are wrong when you think that education
Has made no progress towards civilization.
Just remember our most compassionate dreamers
Are muzzled by servile selfish schemers.
But their lessons live in the souls of men
Tho' they be chained to some mammon pen.
You are wrong when you think you stand almost
alone

In condemning the modern autocrat's throne.
Millions sing much the same songs, understand,
Not only here but in many a land,
Singing natural songs, not wanted to-day,
Since self demands modern songs, Pay, Pay.
Self teaches white men in every land
To sing only songs of Supply our Demand.

No one mortal lives that knows the whole truth.
One did, but was crucified in His youth.
And you can surmise wherein He did fail.
He sang without swinging the mammon flail
On the heads of the weaker that could not see
Why they should not worship autocracy.
For the very same reason all natural strains
Are condemned to-day by great captains of gains.
You are wrong when you fear foreign civiliza-
tions
Will ever rule this, the greatest of nations,

Much less when we have adopted the fashion
And laws of true altruistic compassion,
When all can read Nature's Compass of Love
That reflects as true as the stars above.

Not one mortal lives who has full control
Of his brain phantoms nor his own heart or soul.
Nor can pay all his debts to humanity,
Much less control his own destiny.
And mostly because, moreso than of old,
He must cringe to the cursed Power of Gold.
But, Brother dear, I cannot tarry long,
And ere I go I would sing thee a song,
Composed to define lust that stalks in the dark
And extinguishes every known ray or spark
Of truth. But ah. The story is old.
You know man's lust of conquest and gold.
So listen attentively while I sing
Two sonnets that will unmask this mad thing.

SONNETS SUNG BY THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH

The heavens are parting, will soon show a light
That will define the wrong from the right,
Define selfish spawn that can do nothing further
Than breed more miseries and endless murder.

That will breed in the dark to attain these ends,
So man may never know foes from friends.
This spawn is refined by earthly despoilers
Who have bred it in many honest toilers,
Have taught honest toilers the laws of self
Which inspire the lust of fame, glory and pelf.
And also dictates the right to despoil.
Only fools will do an honest day's toil.
Now toilers court mammon as best God and
friend,
And God alone knows where it all will end.

Thank God we have one class self does not rule,
These are altruists, true scholars of nature's
school,
Who are singing a new compassionate lay,
Quite foreign to all in style to-day.
And I, The Spirit of Truth, shall inspire
All these altruists, so none shall ever tire.
If one falls victim to selfish claws,
A thousand shall take up his undying cause,
A cause that will surely define loyal treason
To all who will only listen to reason.
So sing to your brothers-to-be, of good cheer.
Honest men and women have aught to fear,
For the altruist shall define our earthly hell.
Now we must away, brother, fare thee well."

A STRANGE DISCOVERY

The storm had cleared, now streaks of grey
Dispelled the last vestage of night,—
Spirits, skeleton, chair. All had faded away.
But their songs never did take flight
From our altruist who had no faith nor fears
For our laws of self or cold steel
That he knew breed nothing but more profiteers,
That will stifle each humane ideal.

Now it was day, as the rim of the sun
Appeared in the hazy east
He mused, the while inspecting his gun,
“Wonder how Socks fared at his feast.
This sure was one wild and spooky night,
Wild enough to scare innocent crooks.”
Then the litter of manuscripts caught his sight
And he forgot Socks and his spooks.

Quite agitated, he reached to the floor
And selected the first sheet on sight.
His excitement grew at the title it bore,
Reading, “Why Might Supercedes Right.”

Every line reflected the same fearless hand,
Did not ape any indirect scrawl
Of modern singers of any land
And was free from the self, servile crawl.

Soon again the Ranger gained full control
Of his tho'ts, as he sat and read
The musings of a lost wandering soul,
All in strains he had tho't were long dead.
Then he mused, "I can see where I was wrong
When I tho't that all humane compassion
Had died in men's hearts, and all sing the song
Inspired by gold, style or fashion."

'Twas noon, still he read on, line after line,
Marvelling at the unselfish strain
Of tho'ts transmitted by forces divine,
That were not mere pearls of the brain.
Then he mused, "Ah, he was inspired from the
start
To ring nature's most beautiful chimes,
Since only God's children sing Songs of the
Heart,
Few may hear until far distant times."

He was lost in perusing a lengthy sheet,
Titled, "Playing The Game of Life,"
Thinking, "Ah, this sure is a wonderful treat
For any true man or wife."
Now a rusty hinge squeaked. He rose from the
floor,
Feeling someone had entered by stealth,
Was amazed at the vision framed in the door,—
A real picture of beauty and health.

RUTH

The man who had faced the ordeals of the night
And could play like a child with danger,
Now stood amazed, as if in a fright,
As the girl greeted, "Howdy, Stranger!"
She looked and acted the part of a queen,
Every movement spelled culture and grace.
He knew at once he had often seen
Her beautiful form and face.

Now the girl said gently,—“You evidence fear.
Does my intrusion frighten you?
I come only because I knew you were here,
So answer, Ranger, please do.”
At last it seemed he found his voice,
As he answered at once, “Ruth, it seems
I was startled, was dumb, because I rejoice
That I’ve found The Queen of my dreams.”

Before she could answer he raised his hand,
Adding, "Pardon, Ruth, please let me speak.
I have ranged or roamed thru many a land,
But I never felt one yellow streak.
I've met you or your spirit anear and afar,
And the moment I saw you, Ruth,
I was dazzled at facing my own guiding star.
Yes, you, my Goddess of Truth."

Amazement and joy was stamped on her face
As she heard the Ranger's address.
But confusion only enhanced her grace
As she said,—“Do you know, or you guess?”
But it seemed the Ranger could read her heart
As he said, “Ruth, you do understand.
Courting truth is only a natural art
Even when we court it in Dreamland.”

The Ranger now held Ruth's yielding hand
As he said, “Dreaming is an art
That no selfish hearts can understand,
Since they dream from the brain, not the heart.
I never have dreamed of riches or fame
And the things many yearn to possess.
What I know of life, it's a scientific game,
To create misery and distress.

Yes, Ruth, I have prayed all the powers above
Just to let me understand
How I can best define God's truth and love,
Of the natural, not modern, brand.
Not the kind our earthly gods would teach,
Enforced by more laws of cold steel,
That only drive truth further from the reach
Of white men and breed false ideals.

Then he added, softly, "Listen, Ruth,
I know not why I speak in this strain,
But I only speak what I feel is God's Truth.
I have felt this time and again.
That I was destined to meet you here.
So now you will please understand
You can give your orders without any fear.
I obey. I am yours to command."

The Ranger's voice sounded soft and low,
But as yet she did not reply,
As he added, "Ruth, soon you will know
Your mistrust of me must die."
Then Ruth answered, almost in the next breath,
"I know and feel you are true,
But my mission or orders may mean life or death
For millions, besides only you."

While speaking, Ruth saw his manly face
Change from doubt to the purest joy.
Now he drew her gently out of the place,
Saying, "I dreamed all this when a boy.
Now, Dearie, I know what brings you here.
'Twas decreed you should commission me
To help you and Daddy blaze trails strait and
clear
To real Christianity."

The Ranger's last words had reached their mark,
Had dispelled every vestage of doubt
In the breast of Ruth. Now she whispered,
"Hush, hark,
Lest some prying ears may be about.
Not another word, Dear, lest our hopes all die.
We can trust only beasts and the birds
With secrets, or anything that dare defy
Ruling gods by deed or by words."

Now the Ranger pressed an assuring kiss
On Ruth's hand. Then shouted, "Hey, Socks,
Hustle up. Come, come, let's get out of this."
Socks answered from 'mongst some rocks.

Then he fetched out all his trappings and gear
And soon Socks appeared in sight.
Soon after the trio rode off without fear,
Away thru the fading twilight.

The riders were hardly on their way,
As the Ranger said, "Listen, Ruth Dear,
Soon as we see Daddy, all you need say,
Here's The Ranger, and all will be clear
To him. Then explaining would be a crime,
For our faith limits exceed the sky.
But there's no time to lose. Now is the time.
And I'm ready to do or die."

NEARING HIS GOAL

Socks seemed not to mind his extra load,
And soon brought them to an old wagon road
Which was built by the earliest pioneers
Of these parts, but had been abandoned for years.
Once Ruth volunteered to point out the way
But was rather surprised to hear him say,
"Why, Dearie, I've traveled this trail before
In my dreams, and it seems like in days of yore.

Let us see if my memories' compass is right.
If so, then we soon must come in sight
Of an old mining shaft, and deserted old shack
Where your Daddy found just the kind of slack
Or ore. Why, Ruth, you tremble, you're pale,
But I've seen Daddy's light, and it will not fail."

To still her fears, he pressed her to his breast
And murmured, "Ruth, why can you not feel at
rest?

I know you have reasons to evidence fear
But I tho't I'd make my postiion quite clear.
God help us all now, if I make one mistake.
For I know it would cause at least three hearts
to break.

Ruth, I've lived just to see this wonderful day,
When you, My Guiding Star, reflect the ray
Of love, which is your Daddy's grand scheme,
And ours, since it is our endless dream,
So grand, that science cannot conceive its scope.
And mostly because it will blast the hopes
Of Mammon, and all his imperial clan.
Now, Dear, do you know that I am a man?
Can you trust me? Have I stilled your alarms?"
For answer she nestled more close in his arms.

So these children of God, so strangely met,
Rode on, and now Ruth felt no fear or regret,
As she answered, "Forgive me, for Daddy's sake
I should doubt. Now I know that you will stake
All your lives, if you had a thousand to lose,
And that you will never, never abuse
The faith we shall have to place in you.
And I feel in my heart you are loyal and true.
But do you know Daddy's real dream of success
Is to crush man's blood lust, misery and distress,
Crush out nature's selfish lust of gold
That creates only slaves who are daily sold
To gods of riches in every man's land?
But, Ah, I know that you understand,
For have you not seen them all defy
All the laws of God. And I feel you know why."

The trail had grown rougher and less distinct,
But Ruth still marveled at his fine instinct,
Gave assent, as he suddenly swung to the right,
And he said, "Now we should soon come in sight
Of Daddy's place. Yes, we must be quite near.
Now I'll walk. No, you stay right aboard, My
Dear.

Do you know, Ruth, I'm happy as a lark
That's been confined a year in the dark

And let loose. The first thing I'll do is rope
Your Dad, when I see him, and fill him with hope.
He will know soon enough, I will never rest
Till his light reflects north, east, south and west.
Then he'll know his great work was not in vain
And he'll soon hear his fellowman sing a new
strain

Of songs that will echo throughout every nation
And then see the birth of real civilization."

The trail was now still harder to follow,
Each hoof-beat sounded distant and hollow.
The night had almost succeeded day
But Socks forged ahead in his faithful way.
Now Ruth caressed him with a proud smile,
Saying, "Noble beast, just one more mile."
Then, turning her glorious eyes to the Ranger,
She said, "I no longer regard you as stranger.
All you told me to-day I know to be true
And still I feared to fully trust you.
You must be inspired by forces divine,
For I feel your faith far supercedes mine.
And, Oh, Dear, I can fancy Daddy's joy
When I bring home his Ranger Boy,
For I know he would trust no mortal but you
With the wonderful work we have in view."

Now the Ranger said, teasingly, "So, my
Queen,
You have deigned to drop your mistrusting
screen
Of doubt, and believe what your heart would dic-
tate,
That I am not exactly a Prince of Hate.
But, Ruth dear, as such I've been judged by
many,
Respected and loved by few, if any.
And, dear, would you like to know the real
cause?"
She nodded. "Well, then, I don't manicure
claws
Of avarice, for no Imperial Clan,
Not for self, much less any other man.
So you see I sing very much the same song
That your Daddy sings. And ere very long
You'll hear us both singing in the same strain.
And then, some day, you will have to explain
Why I had to tell more than I cared to say,
Why we had to be strangers nearly all day."
But now a big cabin appeared close by
And they all hurried forward with a glad cry.

DADDY

The door opened wide as the trio drew near,
Ruth, dismounting, ran with the grace of a deer
Into the waiting arms of her Dad,
Who welcomed, caressed her, while shouting,
 "Hail, Lad!

Come, come, My Boy, thou art not a stranger
To me. Yes, I know, Ruth, 'tis he, The Ranger.
And, Dear, have you told him the entire truth?
What, no? Then why not, come tell me, Ruth?
Oh, I see. He seems nearly to understand
The wonderful work we have in hand."
Ruth answered, "Yes, Daddy, he seems to know
And has given me endless proof to show
That he can nearly imagine the scope
Of your light of love that will revive hope
In the breast of every honest man
That is not a slave of mammon's clan.
And he tells me your hopes shall live and not die,
In spite of the fact that science will defy
Your light for a time, will jeer and rail
At God's truths. But in spite, your light cannot
 fail."

Daddy now grasped the Ranger's hand, and his
joy

Reflected in all as he said, "Bless you, Boy.

Now I see still more clearly it is to be.

God alone has guided thine footsteps to me.

Yes, to me, who shall baffle the scientists and
sages

Of the present, the past and future ages.

For God hath inspired me to teach every man

To feel, see, and know, his Master's plan

Is that men obey laws that are divine,

And not cringe to material gods like swine.

I shall even force earthly gods to tire

Of their own laws of self, or send down fire

From the very heavens and shrivel their shrines

Of gold, fame and pretence. Yes, stifle their
whines

Of self. And you, God bless you, my Boy,

Must help me to bring these blessings and joy

To the few loyal children of Nature's School

Who pray Universal, Divine Love shall rule.

And, my Boy, you can guess, without more ex-
planation,

We will bring on the birth of real civilization.

And, what is still more important to thee,

'Twill be founded on True Christianity."

As the Ranger began to conceive the great plan
Of this real Man of God, he embraced the old
man

And wept like a child for very joy,
As he cried, "Dad, I dreamed of this when a
boy.

You have transmitted tho'ts to me in some ways
Thru Ruth, for she has oft reflected your rays
Of love to me, but I hardly dared hope
That I would ever be chosen to rope,—
Ah, pardon, Ruth,—Daddy Dear,—I meant to
say

That I should help break avarice in some way
That fits my ideas. But, hang it all,
I'm worse than excited. But I'll never fall
With any and everything I can do
To make your wonderful dream come true.
And, Daddy, I see, I know, I can feel,
That you far surpass my greatest ideal
Of a man, since all our greatest scientists
Have totally failed to see thru the mists
Of self. But you must be inspired from
above.

But come let us pray for your Light of Love."
All knelt on the ground, with heads bowed low,
As the Ranger prayed distinctly and slow—

THE RANGER AND RUTH PRAY FOR SUCCESS

“Oh, Heavenly Father, please list to our plea
And our prayers, for love of humanity,
Thou knowest we seek not riches nor fame,
Only want all to honor Thine laws and name.
Please advise, and guide, and inspire us to see
How we may pay our debts to humanity.
Only let us reflect thine heavenly rays
Of love, so they bring peace and happier days.
Let us break the scientific lust of gold
So that hearts and souls can no longer be sold
To selfish, inhuman, beasts of prey,
Who seem to rule us all, night and day,
Who breed only misery and distress
In their inhuman quest for self success.
Blood and gold lust rules them, heart and mind,
And we know they are ever deaf and blind
To the weaker ones’s natural wails of protest,
So that none may ever know peace or rest.
Oh, Father, Thou knowest and do understand
We would bring peace and rest to every land.
You have let Daddy here all but master the sun,
So we pray, let us see how Thine will shall be
done.

And we all pray Thee, again and again,
Let our dream of compassion not be in vain.
As we pray, we promise to rest only when
Thine Heavenly Will shall be done. Amen."

As the Ranger concluded, Ruth took up his strain
And prayed, "Oh, Father, we do not complain.
Thou knowest our three hearts beat as one
With desires to see Thine will shall be done.
So we pray Thee to let us reach our goal,
To inspire love in each doubting heart and soul
That is losing faith in your laws so divine,
Since they are over-ruled by mammon's swine.
We would break this swinish lust of gold
That is causing miseries as yet untold,
Bring human compassion within the ken
Of young and old, both women and men,
So they won't heed disciples of hypocrisy,
Who would dictate our debts to humanity,
Debts that all honest children of God would pay
If material gods did not bar the way.
Oh Father, Thou knowest we will give our all
Just to see earthly gods of mammon fall,
So they can nevermore rise again
To cause all your laws to exist in vain.

Pray let us succeed, let our hearts feel no fear,
Till success crowns the life-dreams Our Daddy
holds dear.

He would break laws of self in style and fashion,
And if needs be, enforce universal compassion.
We know Daddy will be the happiest of men
Ever lived, when love can rule. Amen."

PLANNING THE FUTURE

They prayed and planned far into the night.
Daddy oft expressed his joys and delight
At the Ranger's far-reaching vision to see
The real blessings they could bring to humanity,
When souls could no longer be bought or sold
By the earthly gods, Fame, Glory or Gold,
When man need not cringe to new Kings of
Greed,
Regardless of intellect, color or creed,
When no man will dare to darken our trail
With religious pretensions, or lights that fail,
When no man secretly maintains education
Is the only real God of Civilization,
When all shall lose faith in earthly scholars
Whose gods are marks, guineas, francs, rubles or
dollars,

When sanctified hypocrits cannot hide truth
From the sage, nor even the tho'tless youth,
When no one will nurse one selfish ideal,
And we shall abolish laws of cold steel,
When we no longer encourage mammon booms,
Mothers may keep the harvests of their own
 wombs,

When man is no longer ashamed of compassion
He shall have outlived modern styles and fashion.
But soon love will rule to the world's extreme
 ends,

Breed only true Christians and loyal friends,
So none need fear to live, wander, or roam,
But agreed reforms must begin at home.

THE EXPERIMENT AT MIDNIGHT

'Twas nearly midnight as Dad said, "Come, my
Boy

And Ruth, let us test the object of our joy.
I have waited for you, Boy, with just intent
That you should see our first experiment
On what shall not even be a large scale,
But it will amply prove our project cannot fail.
Yonder, strait to the north, is a large mountain
peak

Of sheer rock, that I know is barren and bleak
Of life at its top, and for miles all around,
For I know the nature of all this ground.
The peak is just ninety miles away,
But I'll bring it to you as clear as day."
All now went aloft into Daddy's large den
Or workshop. And now the greatest of men,
The greatest scientist the world ever knew,
Said gently, "Attention, please, watch what I do."
Now he opened a hole in the slanting roof,
Near a bench, saying, "You need not keep aloof."
Then he drew the Ranger and Ruth quite near,
Assuring both they had nothing to fear.
Uncovering an instrument, he got his range,
Then said, "Now you'll see something weird and
strange."

Now in stupefied amazement and awe
The Ranger dared not believe what he saw.
But he fancied he heard a very faint whir,
Then a shaft of light shot thru the air.
Then Daddy seemed but to touch a small
screw.

As the top of the mountain appeared in full
view.

And the Ranger choked back his surprise in some
way,

As the mountain appeared hardly ten feet
away.

Now Ruth had to steady and support the Ranger
As they witnessed a sight that was still stranger.
For Dad seemed to sprinkle some iron rust
On a disc—and the mountain peak crumbled to
dust,

The clouds of dust that had been solid rock
Blew away, as it were, without even a shock.

Now the Ranger's voice reflected the awe
He felt, as he said, "Is it true, what I saw?
Tell me quick, Daddy. Tell me, please, right
now,

What manner of genius or man art thou?"

THE RANGER IS PLACED IN COMMAND

Now Daddy smiled happily, saying, "Boy, list,
I am only a natural Altruist
Like yourself, a graduate of Nature's School,
Wasting no time with modern teachers that rule,
And no greater than you, since you must advise
me

How our light shall reflect Christianity
In a way so that no science or scholar can rail,
In a way that reflects but one Christian trail,
Not thousands of branches that won't stand in-
spection

Because they all lead in a different direction,
With teachers leading, who dance as they preach,
To coax more dollars within their reach,
And openly ridicule God's real pastors.
But we will expose these dancing masters.
Our light must inspire God's honest scholars
Who don't preach only for cents or dollars.
But, Ruth Dear, you can further explain,
If you will, and to-morrow I'll show once again
What we can do with our wonderful light.
I am wearied. God bless you both. Good
Night."

RUTH EXPLAINS

Soon as Daddy retired, the Ranger faced Ruth
And grasped both her yielding hands,
Saying, "God bless my little Goddess of Truth.
You have guided me thru many lands."
As if half ashamed, Ruth drew back apace,
Saying, softly, "Forgive me, please, Dear,
That I failed to know you at once face to face,
And I evidenced mistrust and fear."

The Ranger replied in a soft gentle tone,
"Yes, Dear, and you heard me pray.
Ruth, I never yet prayed for self alone.
That is always the modern way.
You heard me pray Our Master above
For three hearts that now beat as one.
But I'll soon pray for self, yes, for your love,
When His will be fully done."

Ruth answered, "My earthly hopes and my heart
Are now centered entirely in you
And, Daddy, but soon we shall have to part,
But I'll ever be faithful and true.

Soon you may be branded as one of Nick's crew
By the ruling forces that be,
Yet that will but increase my faith in you
Thru all eternity."

The two had planned for an hour or more,
Basing all their plans on the laws
Of Nature, so planned as never before
In the interest of a great cause.
And finally the Ranger said, "Listen, Dear,
Did I understand Daddy to say
His light will reflect afar or anear,
By night, and also by day?"

Ruth replied, "Yes, it will reflect day or night,
But by day with an indistinct glare.
And yet by day with more power and might,
All derived from the sun and the air.
By day you need but a seeming plain ring,
Which Dad will give you on the morrow,
With which you can rule any land as king
And create endless joys or sorrow."

PRAYING FOR COMPASSION

As the force of all this flashed thru his mind,
He prayed, "Oh, God, let me not be blind
To my duties. I pray Thee let me be just.
Do not let me kill or destroy, lest I must.
But if I must drive mammonites from their hives
Of gold, let me spare all innocent lives
That have had to supply many human drones
Of self. But I'll bare their scientific bones
Of contentions, so each honest woman and man
Will shun all the spawn of mammon's clan.
If needs be, I'll wreck their God called Money,
Who demands, exacts, or attracts others' honey,
And dictates to toilers they must not shirk
To pay royalties to all who won't work
When they are blessed with the Power of Gold
And belong to mammon's priestly fold.
But come, Ruth, to rest. I'll dream on a plan
How I may do my duty to God and man."
Then our two great schemers both retired.
He soon fell asleep, since he was very tired.
No dreams interfered and he never awoke
Till the sun was up and he heard the first stroke
Of a clock near-by that was striking eight.
And he felt rather peeved to have slept so late.

DADDY'S IDOL

He appeared in a more happy state of mind.
After greetings, Daddy said, "Well, did you find
Any solid foundation of a good plan
By which we may civilize mammon's clan,
The gang that have ruled for thousands of years
In the interests of misery's profiteers?
What, No? But you will. And I know you can.
But come, let's appease our inner man."
Soon after breakfast the Ranger said, "Ruth,
But you are a Queen in God's honest truth."
Here Dad interrupted and said, "Right, my Boy.
Our Ruth would be neither a slave nor toy.
She performs all her duties to God and me,
Never craves for riches nor luxury.
She does all her household duties with joy
And her love for me is without alloy.
She despises the sciences that plainly read, Shirk,
Let the less intellectual do all the work.
If she would, I could make her a ruling queen,
But she does not aspire to appear on the screen
That is known as Glory, Fame and Power.
She would rather appear as God's natural flower."
Daddy went on to extol and praise Ruth,

As he added, "Yes, Ranger, she can define truth.

Do you know that she often advises me

And was never blinded by powers that be?

She condemns present charity worse than in vain,

For she knows it is engineered mostly for gain

And to mask modern systems of slavery,

For Ruth can define real equality.

She knows just what actuates many drives

For more dollars, and knows why innocent lives

Are sacrificed daily. And I've heard her pray

Quite often to God to show her a way

She might dry up the rivers of blood and tears

That have been flowing these thousands of years.

Yes, Ruth can analyze much of the gammon

Dished up by scientific disciples of mammon.

She knows each exacts his own princely fee

And is honored for creating misery.

But come, Ranger dear, and Ruth, let us go

To that hollow you passed yesterday, and I'll

show

You the fearful forces you soon will control,

That will strike fear and faith in heart and soul,

Faith in hearts that beat not only for self

And fear in all scientific lovers of pelf."

THE EXPERIMENT BY DAY

The sun was well up as they entered the hollow
And Dad said, "Lad, do not fear to follow
My every instruction. Now see, this thing
I shall give you seems just a plain common ring.
We shall keep the top down a moment or two.
Now come, Boy, this ring belongs to you.
Ah, it fits you nicely. Now turn your hand
Strait towards that big hill that looks like land.
Turn the top of your ring so the rays of the sun
Reflect. Now point or aim like you would a gun.
When you have the range, press gently on either
side.

When I say ready, we'll have a new land slide.
Ready! Now hold your hand steady as a rock.
Press! Boy, do not fear. There will be no shock.
Ah, enough, the dust will soon settle and clear.
Ah, Boy, you done nobly. You showed no fear
Nor excitement. Soon we can look around
And we'll find the hill can nevermore be found."
And while the clouds of dust blew away,
The Ranger's hair had all turned grey.
For in that brief moment he'd conceived a plan
That exceeded the wildest hopes of man.

As little or no dust fell to the ground,
The Ranger looked in vain for the mound
Of vanished rocks. Then Dad said, "You will
find

'Tis nearly all absorbed by the wind
And air. But all this will seem less strange
When you know you can grind anything within
range.

And what is of more importance still,
You can destroy all, tho' you need not kill.
I will give you three different rings ere you go,
Instruct thee with all, so you will know
The fearful extent of each one's force,
With which you can and must enforce
Our laws of Let Live and Equality.
But, my Boy, that is all plain to thee.
Come, Ruth Dear, congratulate our Boy,
For his hair has turned nearly white for joy.
That is a real blessing he can now expect
Much easier to gain the love and respect
Of real white men. He may need the help
Of a few, to combat every selfish whelp
Who will cheerfully kill and destroy all truth
To gain his own ends. But you may plan with
Ruth,

For I must begone now, I have more work to do
And things to plan out and make ready for you."

PERFECTING THE NEW PLAN

Both silently watched the grand old man
Depart. Then the Ranger proposed his new plan.
Ruth advised and helped perfect every detail
Of his plans, then remarked. "Dear, we cannot
fail.

I shall pray day and night when you go away.
But you know, Dear, Daddy and I must stay
At our post. One of us must always be nigh
To read your messages in the sky.
Dad will give you a code that cannot be seen,
That will reflect here on a special screen.
Distance makes no difference, so have no fear,
For we will get your messages distinct and clear.
Your plans are wonderful, almost divine.
We will make human beings of gilded swine.
But patience, Dear, if all does not go your way
At once. Rome was never built in a day.
But in a moment you can destroy spoils of years
That were gathered by miseries' profiteers.
But use not this power, I beg and pray
Of you, lest there be no other way
To make spirits of avarice understand
That love, not selfishness, must rule our land."

DADDY FAVORS THE NEW PLAN

Later on Daddy also heard the great plan
That would stifle all hopes of autocracy's clan,
That empires or nations could be bought or sold
As of yore, to the scientific lust of gold.

Daddy favored the plan of his two young
schemers,

Then said, "You are really both wonderful
dreamers,

But, Ruth dear, I knew our Lad is not blind.

I knew he could reason, and felt he would find

The key to our intricate situation.

For he knows man's mission and occupation

Is not to worship the gods of success

That drag every human flag of distress

Thru the mud, just because it's the modern way.

Ah no, Nature taught him a natural lay.

But I warn you, Lad, you must work in the dark

Or you will become quite an easy mark

And fall victim to assassin's knife or gun

Or be chained in some hole where you'll not see
the sun.

But you know the fearful risks you are taking,

For you will soon have assassins aching

To take your life. But you'll know what to do,

After I give my full instructions to you."

DADDY'S LAST INSTRUCTIONS

Then Dad instructed him with all the rings
With which he could create paupers or kings
At will by extending either hand
And proclaim, "You must," and they would understand
That he was vested with a new might
Which none could defy by day or night.
Now Daddy added, again, "Do not fear
To use your rings when danger is near.
You can shrivel assassin's knife or gun,
Play with danger as if it were childish fun,
Day or night, by sunshine or in cloudy weather,
If you keep all your rings and wits together.
But, my Boy, if you err in the slightest detail,
My work of a life-time is of no avail.
But I know your nerves are strong as steel,
Your compassion is great, yet you can feel
That you must let nothing bar your trail.
And Ruth will reflect the light that won't fail.
There is nothing more that I can say
Or advise. Yes, my Boy, you can hurry away."
Then it seemed Daddy's voice, always cheerful
and steady,
Broke, as he said, "Come then, let you get ready."

THE PARTING

The sun was sinking in the west
As the Ranger clasped Ruth to his breast,
Saying, softly, "Hush, Dearie, do not weep,
I must ride to the lost cabin ere I sleep.
'Tis too far for Socks to make in one day
And you know the duty that calls me away.
Ruth Dear, be brave, or I might fail.
Don't you hear the moaning, pitiful wail
Of humanity calling to be free
Of its systems of scientific slavery?
Our love counts nothing, compared to all this.
Come, Dearie, cheer up, just one more kiss,
Then I must begone from here on my way,
And you must go back with Daddy and pray
For success for your slaving sisters and brothers,
And for me, Dear, as well, among all others.
I'll soon send you messages every day
And night. Come, Daddy, please take her away.
What, at last you fear I may not survive?
But I'll come back very much alive
To you. And my return will spell
Success for all children of God. Fare Thee
Well."

PART II

A STRANGE CHRISTIAN

A stranger came to a great city one night,
Who had fearless grey eyes and hair almost white.
His hands bore the scars of hard, honest toil,
Very unlike hands only trained to despoil.
One could easily see, as he went his way,
That he was a man hardly met every day.
It was also quite easy to read this truth,
That he possessed vigor, character and youth,
And judged by appearances and his frank smile,
He was hardly an ape of fashion or style.
Our Christian was none other than the Ranger
In his very own country and yet a stranger.
After viewing some commonplace works of art,
He mused, "Well, I wonder where I should start
To break up our modern mammon dance.
Well, I'll wander around, and trust to chance.
I don't intend to waste very much time,
Since I feel it would be worse than a crime
To let modern paytriots sing, Pay, Pay,
When I should teach them a different lay.
Yet it seems to me, now that I am here,
My plans don't loom as distinct or clear.
At any rate I'll just mope around
And get used to my Natural Hunting Ground."

SCENTING WORK

He had hardly been two hours in the town,
As he neared a place of fame and renown
Where he noted huge crowds swarming in,
And he mused, "Something whispers I must begin
My work, for as sure as I am alive
This sounds like an Almighty Dollar-Drive."
The place was a so-called hall of fame
That bore a well-known sanctimonious name.
So he entered, along with the surging crowd,
Soon heard a man preaching, distinct and loud,
In a cause that seemed to inspire his soul
So that he finally lost all control
Of his bearings, as he made plea after plea
In the noble cause of Christianity.
The Ranger now mused, "Here's one of our
scholars
Who derives all his inspiration from dollars.
The fool only makes it distinct and clear
To me just what he treasures most dear.
I will bet this great noble Christian gent
Already sees visions of ninety per cent
Of the spoils. But I'll see how much legal crime
He will commit. I can bide my time."

AN UNSUCCESSFUL DOLLAR DRIVE

The speaker raved on in stentorian tones
Of the great hereafter and heavenly thrones
Reserved for all who would give, give, give,
So that his great, noble cause might live.
Then he preached on the evils of mistrust and
hates,

As an army of ushers produced the plates.
The Ranger had managed to get the range
Of the preacher, who now began to act strange,
Yet he stood his ground, tho his face grew pale.
And the Ranger mused, "Ah, I feared I might
fail."

Now the ushers had returned one by one,
And the speaker had ceased his scientific dun,
And the fruits of the great man's importations
Had far exceeded his best expectations.
They were starting to take the money away,
As a voice called, "One moment, please, I pray."
The Ranger had made his way to the front
As the speaker said with a pious grunt,
"Stranger, if you seek help, you seek in vain
Just now, for I have no time to explain.
Besides, you look common. What would you
here?"

Who are you, and why do you interfere?"

The Ranger felt peeved at the coarse abuse
He received, so he answered, "My best excuse
For looking like only a son of toil
Is because I was never trained to despoil.
And as to explaining just who I am,
I can vouch I'm no sanctimonius sham
But I am sent here by forces divine
To make human beings of selfish swine,
Like you, for instance. Yes, teach such as you
A lesson, and ask you a question or two.
I demand you to tell this whole congregation
From whence you derive all your inspiration.
I happen to know you as one selfish clod
Of the scientific sort. You have no faith in God."
The Ranger had extended one hand,
And the speaker seemed hardly able to stand.
Fear and terror was plainly stamped on his face
And he stood as if rooted to the same place.
Help now volunteered, but the Ranger said,
"Stand back, or the consequence be on your head.
Come, my Christian, show all these ladies and
men
The gods you have worshipped again and again,
I command. Just show us your most divine
honey."
And the hypocrit pointed strait to the money.

At this a few men sprang with a bound
At the preacher, but our stranger faced around,
Saying, "Men, I beg you, go back, sit down.
I will right the wrongs of this swindling clown.
Come, ye ushers, no doubt ye all meant well,
Yet God's laws are things we must not sell
But must give. So bring all the money back
To the people. This Modern Swindler would
sack.

Now what, ye would dare to hesitate?
Better take my advice ere it be too late."
He had faced the ushers with extended hand.
Then it seemed that all did understand.
And now he faced the whole congregation
And said, "Ye will none take more than your
ration."

Strange to say, when the money was all
doled out

There was never a murmur or dissenting shout.
Then he said, "Sisters, Brothers, ere I go away,
Attention, please, for I would preach and pray."
The preacher still stood in the very same place,
With the same look of terror and fear
on his face.

All could see that repentance began to sway
The man, as the stranger started to pray.

A STRANGE SERMON OR PRAYER

"If ye would pray to purify mind, heart and soul,
Pray success as we worship it be not your goal.
Pray God all his children who honestly toil
Will shun all those who only despoil.
Pray God that love and still more love shall rule
And be taught in church, hovel, palace and school.
Pray that it be taught in all cities or farms,
As taught you when babes in your mothers' arms.
Then, and only then, can ye know the love
That is unselfish, pure, and inspired from above.

God will hear all prayers that come from the
heart
Far above lustful prayers of brainy art.
So fear not heart-prayers be drowned by great
scholars
Who bellow them thru golden horns or collars.
Have faith in the love that soon shall be
Universal and live thru eternity.
Harmonize all your prayers thruout our great
land
In tones so clear all will understand.
And if ye pray, silent or loud, never fear
But God will listen gladly and hear.

Love all the world's children, and loudly pray
To God none shall be educated to play
The game of live from a double end,
Heaping miseries and hardships on foe and
friend,
Or the less educated who fail to see
Or understand our debts to humanity.
And pray God for the strength to break false
convictions
That would uphold glittering, selfish, restrictions.
Then God may soon show us all how we
Can blaze trails to real Christianity.
Yes, God will soon show us all, I pray,
How to create Christians the natural way.
Brothers and Sisters, I feel I have done
My duty. God bless you." And he was gone.

REFLECTIONS

He walked off at once at a rapid pace
And was soon quite a distance from the place.
His step was as buoyant as that of a boy
While his tho'ts reflected his heartfelt joy,
As he mused, "Not bad at all for a start.
That clown is one master of the great art
Of separating folks from their money.
Yet, when he comes to, he won't think it funny
That I sidetracked the fruits of his noble appeal.
I can just imagine about how he'll feel.
So he figures me one of the common tribe.
But he will find his feelings hard to describe
How it came about that he had to stand
And condemn himself at my command.
I feel in my heart the man is a cur,
So yellow, he won't dare resent the slur.
Yes, Old Timer, I know it's rather rough
Medicine to take from a common tough,
Worse still to tell the truth once in your life
And just when victory seemed sure and rife.
Yet he never will know how it all was done
Nor just why he earned Lesson Number One."

So he walked on, musing in this strain,
"Hope I won't need to bother his tribe again,
But the deuce with him, I must look around
And find me a nice quiet piece of ground,
Then send a message to Ruth and Dad.
I know they will feel both happy and glad
To know I am not wasting any time,
Have already cleaned up a little slime,
Dished up by a cheap disciple of self
With a sanctimonious hankering for pelf.
I feared one time he was in for a beating
Which he richly deserved for his style of cheat-
ing,

But we'd have to beat up a few million a day
If it were not legal to howl, Pay, Pay
Only Me, and to hell with the rest of the gang,
Just so I get mine, let 'em all go hang.
When everyone else is dong the same,
I'd be a fool to stay out of the game.
But I tell you all, folks, if luck holds with me,
I shall strangle that style of philosophy
Quite soon. But here, this place will do
To send my first real message thru."

WIRELESS THO'T TRANSMISSION

Now he sent his first message up above,
That reflected a wealth of cheer and love,
And it seemed but a moment had gone by
Ere his answer was flashed back thru the sky.
As he worked, he gazed yearningly to the west,
That held all and everything he loved best,
Sent many a message of love, hope and cheer
To the one he loved and held so dear.
Now Ruth seemed the stronger of the two
As she flashed,—“ ’Tis the last message I’ll send
you
To-night. Now go at once to rest.
To-morrow you must be at your best.
You may have a few factions or Press to fight.
Let me know their versions to-morrow night.”
And so he finally walked off, then retired,
For he was wearied, worn and tired
From his rapid journey from the west,
And felt the need of a good night’s rest.
After breathing a prayer, he soon fell asleep,
Wondering just what the morrow would reap.

THE NEW MENACING DANGER

The sun was well over the rim of the sky
As the Ranger heard a boy lustily cry,
"Extra. All about the new menace 'n' danger.
Church robbed by an old mysterious stranger."
"Well now," he mused, "this is sure interesting.
I fancy these news will take some digesting."
So he bought three or four different sheets,
Then mused, "For the love of an army of Petes,
By the looks of all this I can plainly see
The whole police force must be after me.
Well, verily, this is one wonderful joke.
Looks to me I shall be compelled to choke
A few of these modern sensation mongers.
Yes, I'll cure their rabid, morbid hungers
For printing what they know to be a rank lie."
Then he heard another newsboy cry,
"Latest. Robber is known as an anarchist teacher.
Afore he robbed he poisoned the preacher."
There were ten or twelve angles to the affair.
Not one-half true or half-way fair
To the stranger or robber. And then he mused,
"This piece of nonsense cannot be excused."
So he picked the rankest version of all
And started off to make a call.

THE INTERVIEW

The great editor of the Daily Misleader
Had been twice informed by his junior reader,
"Man outside, Sir, wants to see you at once."
"Well dressed?" "No." "Then tell the silly old
dunce

I'm in no humor to waste my good time.
Here, if he's pan-handling, give him this dime
And tell him to get himself in the clear."
And then the great man retired with a leer.
But the boy followed, "Please, Sir, he told me to
say

That he'd see you sure, somehow, anyway.
And he said that no member of any clan
Could stop him from seeing you or any man."
At this, the great man flew up in a rage,
Came forth again, followed by his page,
But came to a rather sudden stop
As the Ranger appeared, saying, "Well, Old Top,
I figured my challenge would bring you out.
Now I'll tell you what our little fuss is about.
To start with, I see by the look in your eyes
That you are a scientific peddler of lies.
You have practised your art on a friend of mine
Who is not a member of your tribe of swine.
Now you'll contradict your nice lying story
Or I'll end your sensational mongering glory."

The great man had turned from livid to white
With rage. Now he said, "Did I hear you right?
Do you mean to say that a common old tramp
Like you dares face me and call me a scamp?
By heavens, I'll have you slammed in jail
For a month or two, and they'll teach you to rail
At honest men, and will soon have you tame
So you won't interfere with our legal game."
The Ranger now answered, with extended hand,
"Rather strange you don't seem to understand
That your nice little lying game is played out,
That I know you are only a lying lout.
On my way down here I discovered you knew
The truth, still you lied. Now I'm telling you
I know you don't deal in truth or facts,
Since that conflicts with your modern contracts.
You can't harm my friend so much, anyway,
But I am here to inform you and say
That I'm giving you thirty minutes, no more,
To state just exactly what I shall score.
You will print you're a liar of the worst hue,
That my friend is a far better man than you.
What is more, if you fail, my misleading brother,
You will never edit or print another.
Now I hope you do understand your position,—
Thirty minutes to get out this extra edition."

THIRTY MINUTES' GRACE

The boy had listened in wonder and awe
At what he recently heard and saw.
And now the Ranger caught his attention
And drew him away without any contention
On anyone's part, and both went to the street.
And the boy said, "I never did see this beat.
I know the boss has a bad disposition,
That's why I can't understand the position
He took when you spoke the second time
And accused him of diffeernt kinds of crime.
I don't understand why he listened to you
At all. Still I know what you said is true."
Now the Ranger smiled, saying, "Listen, my Lad,
You heard all I said. Now things will go bad
If he don't print that extra edition on time.
That building is surely going to climb
Up among the clouds. So you tell all the men
And all others, to be out five minutes to ten.
Now, Lad, you seem loyal and honest enough
To feel and know this is not mere bluff.
Now go back at once and have no fear.
But no paper. Warn all to get in the clear."

The boy hurried back, and the Ranger mused,
"This style of foul play cannot be excused.
It were time to end some of this yellow stuff.
If he don't square things, I'll sure end his bluff.
He don't care a rap for any man's name
Who is not snarled up in some mammon game.
So I look like a tramp, and I'm also a dunce.
Well perhaps our Misleader misfigured just once
Too often, and maybe he will see the joke,
That some one is sickening of mammon's croak.
Eh, ten minutes gone. Ah, my servile pet,
You will find printing truth a rather hard bet."
Now the boy came out in an excited hurry
And said, "Say, Mister, no one seems to worry.
I warned them all, and they think it's a joke,
For the boss told 'em you're a crazy old bloke."
"What, no paper, no start? Well, listen, my boy,
I am going away, but the wind will soon toy
With that shack. So you tell all to watch the
roof,
That's where they are going to get the first proof
That things happen just as I prophesy,
And some day you will know the reason why.
But run back now, warn them all again.
You will soon know you did not speak in vain."
Then he inwardly mused, "Well it is to be.
Wonder if I can grind up machinery."

THE DAILY MISLEADER EVAPORATES

As the time drew near, he looked around
And selected a good piece of vantage ground
From where he commanded a clear range and
view,
To put his first real object lesson thru.
It happened to be quite a windy day.
And promptly at ten, all who passed that way
Saw a cloud of dust arise in the sky,
And soon after, heard the first terrified cry
Of the inmates, rushing from the doomed place
With awe and fear written on each face.
In less than two minutes the building was clear
Of all its inmates, but all fled in fear
As they saw the whole building blow away
Like pulverized dust, and no one could say
Or imagine what ate up the metal and rock,
Since no one had felt the slightest shock.
Only one young lad stood quite near the place,
With merely a puzzled look on his face,
And wondered why nobody else was around
To view the big vacant hole in the ground.
As the Ranger drew near, he heard the youth
Muse aloud, "Gee, I felt he told me the truth."

THE RANGER FINDS A LOYAL FRIEND

The Ranger now said, "Well, my brave little lad,
You don't seem exactly sorry or glad.
Hope your next boss won't dare curse our God,
Like that sacriligious selfish sod.
He ought to be branded, so each honest man
Will know him for a servile tool of his clan.
Lad, I feel that you have a fine memory.
Now, attention please, and listen to me.
You heard what I said, since you were at hand.
You heard him curse as I gave my command.
You heard him openly curse and defy
Our God, and refuse to retract a foul lie.
Soon reporters will single you out for a call.
Then you tell only truth, and that is all.
If they ask you what or who I might be,
Then you simply report this news for me,—
I am just a plain Messenger of God,
Commissioned to civilize each selfish sod."
The boy answered, "Really, I don't understand
What you mean, but I won't lie for any man."
Then the Ranger said, "Right. I'll depend on
you
In reporting Lesson Number Two."

MORE CURSES AND LAMENTATIONS

As the Ranger drew off among the crowd,
He heard a man cursing distinct and loud,
In a way that defamed God and the Stranger,
And he branded both a humbug and danger
To mankind. And this sacriligious sot
Was none but the Editor, who begot
His gains by wilfully spreading a lie
To appease his lust. Yet he dared to defy
And curse his God, for here he stood,
Still loyal to avarism's whole brood.
The Ranger's heart sickened as he stood there
And heard this semblance of man curse and swear
Just because he had lost his lying mill.
And he mused, "By heavens, I'll have to still
His curses." So he arranged one ring
On his finger and approached the vile thing.
Now, with hand extended, he said, "Sir Swine,
You will never more curse the just or divine,
For I am going to pray God He brand
Your forehead, so all will understand
And know you exactly for what you are,
Know where, how and why you won your scar."

THE BRAND

Now the people witnessed a fearful sight.
For the man stood as if petrified with fright.
It seemed a few flashes flashed from the sky
And the man emitted a moaning cry.
Yet no one dared try to relieve his distress
As the flashes burned the two letters S. S.
On his forehead. Then he emitted a whine,
And the stranger said, "I christen you, Selfish
Swine."

Then he said, "Now go, never dare defy
Our Master. And live out your living lie.
And, Brothers, hark ye. This is Swine Number
One.

For God's will must and shall be done.
This lesson is one you can all understand
For ye heard and saw how this man won his
brand.

Brothers, Sisters, at midnight gaze above,
And our Master may reflect his light of love
So that all may know for all time to be
He has done with your gods of hypocrisy.
He has watched their ravages thousands of years,
But true, honest men need have no fears.
Ye will soon be done with self-wrought slavery."
Then he left, musing, "Lesson Number Three."

A SYMPATHETIC FRIEND

Awe and fear was stamped on each face
As the Ranger hurried from the place.
No one had interfered, nor had even tried,
All had watched the branding, quite stupefied,
But one man had stood quite near at hand,
Heard and saw how the Editor won his brand.
And now he hurried after the Ranger,
Caught up, accosted him, saying, "Stranger,
I saw how you branded that selfish swine
And I almost joyed at his painful whine,
For I knew long ago that infidel sod
Has often invited the wrath of God.
I know what rules him, heart and soul,
Yet I do not question the force you control,
I would only give you some heartfelt advice,
Beware of the Spirits of Avarice.
I question not how the branding was done
But I know you've invited the knife and the gun
Of assassins by burning the modern claws
Of self that would mangle all honest laws.
So I pray you again, Please take my advice
And beware of the Spirits of Avarice."

THE FRIEND VOLUNTEERS

The Ranger answered his new-found friend,—
“If ye speak the truth ye are a Godsend
To me. Yet I feel what you say is true
And I’m almost tempted to confide in you,
That I am battling as yet all alone
Just to oust all material gods from their throne.
Now I think I realize my real danger
And I thank you right from the heart, Friend
Stranger.”

Now the friendly stranger answered at once,
“I don’t wish to pose as a sage nor dunce,
But somehow I feel I know your real mission.
I should like to speak up, with your permission.”
“Yes.” “Well, my friend, I lost my church
Because I would not sway and lurch
With the tides of self that seem to prevail.
So I fear for you and pray you won’t fail.
I am offering my full service to you,
And add, you will find me loyal and true
In your cause, which I feel is also mine,
If you mean to civilize scientific swine.
So, friend, let me help you, is all I pray,
I am at your service, Command, I obey.”

THE PROPOSITION AND ACCEPTANCE

They had come to a halt some distance away
And the stranger said, "Think it over, I pray.
I know I could be much assistance to you."
Now the Ranger said, "Friend, what you say is
true.

My work is fraught with so much danger
I'd rather regard you as friend than stranger.
So, in order you may understand my position,
I shall make you a specific proposition.
Come to my room. We can talk there and rest
And then I would put you thru a hard test.
So I warn you now before we go,
If you are no Christian, I'll surely know,
And the wrath of God will descend on your head,
So you will rather wish you were dead."
Then the Volunteer smiled and answered,
"Friend,

If you deal with God, my courage won't bend.
I stand condemned by Mammon's clan
For knowing my duties to God and man.
I can only add, I have nothing to fear
From a test in a cause that I hold dear."
Without more ado, the Ranger said, "Right.
If you are a Christian, I know you will fight
And will help me to muzzle Mammon's clan,
So a Christian can dare to be a man."

THE LAST CHANCE

Now he led the brave Volunteer to his room,
Warning, "My Friend, you invite your doom.
If I do not find you true as steel
And you happen to nurse one selfish ideal,
My test will reflect even tho'ts of your heart
And you may as well know it before we start.
I will also add 'twould be bad for your health
If you nurse any hankering for fame or wealth.
There is not a cent to be made out of this,
Though we create no end of joy and bliss
For all the world. You must battle with me
Out of pure love for all humanity.
I have saved a few cents from hard, honest toil.
We shall use it all against those who despoil.
And you already know that I do control
A force that will shrivel your heart and soul
If I see fit to use it that way.
And you have good proof how I used it to-day.
Better quit, if you ever attended the dance
Of Mammon. This is your last chance."
But the Volunteer smiled again and replied,
"Proceed. You will find I have not lied,"

THE TEST

The test was applied with all its force
And the man stood his ground as a matter of
course.

Then the Ranger questioned his brave Volunteer,
Who answered each question distinctly and clear.
At last the Ranger stepped back apace,
With a happy and satisfied look on his face,
And remarked, "My Friend, I am pleased with
thee,

For you do know your debts to humanity.
Nature's lessons are not beyond your reach
And that is all I would have you teach.

Be seated, please, and rest up a spell,
For I have much to confide and tell
To you, since I now know you are a man
That was never ruled by Mammon's clan.
Ah, you feel better now, and will pardon my
doubts,

For our cause is too precious to trust to louts
With hearts and souls slaving for glory and fame
And who use modern tactics in playing life's
game."

So the two planned at length for an hour or more
And the Ranger's Lieutenant proved true to the
core.

So he prayed, "God, I thank thee for thine God-
send
In the form of this true and loyal friend."

MORE MISLEADING COMMENTS

The two friends agreed it would be unwise
To be seen much together by prying eyes,
So they had planned that by night or day
They must manage so not to be far away
From each other. Now both went out again
And heard newsboys singing a different strain,
"Extra, nobody robbed a church or anyone
Inside—No one knows just what was done.
The Daily Misleader sank into the ground.
No explosion, for nobody heard the least sound.
Scientists are baffled, but many insist
It's a trick of some crazy, satanic scientist."
Each bought a few sheets, and much as before,
The different versions numbered a score.
But what neither one could yet understand,
Not a mention was made of the S. S. brand.
One great scientist stated it was absurd
To believe in the light of which they had heard.
Astrologists stated no light would appear
That night that would shine distinct or clear.

REFLECTIONS

Now the Ranger mused, "Well, it is hard to swallow

The truth, and she is a hard trail to follow.
But my eminent modern champions of might,
Ye will see the truth for the first time to-night.
The trail ye will have to explain to-morrow,
Leads to truth, so will cause ye endless sorrow.
On the morrow, mayhap, many people will ask
Why ye were always so eager to mask
The trail of truth. Then what will ye say?
Can ye smother their questions by singing, Pay,
Pay

Our material gods and all will be well
Or claim the light of love reflects from hell?
Ah, well, perhaps Ruth can and will prophesy
Just how this tribe will digest their own lie."
Just now his lieutenant brushed along
And described two men among the throng,
Saying, Brother, careful, 'tis just as I feared."
After whispered instructions, he then disappeared.

Then the Ranger mused, "Well, if I judge them
right,
They are both great modern champions of might."

THE PURSUIT

The Ranger walked on, seldom looking behind,
Crossed and re-crossed, yet always to find
His pursuers were never far away.
And he mused, "Wonder what these tools would
say

If they knew I was seeking the exact place
They desired to end the murdering race.
But I feel they entertain not one suspicion.
They are on the sure road to earthly perdition.
That big one looks bad, with the ugly nose.
Ah, careful, boys, you are getting too close.
I must find a nice brand to fit these two.
Ah, yes, very good. That will have to do."
Now he'd come to a quieter part of the town,
Then arrived at an alley and quietly walked down,
Musing, "If these gentlemen don't show their
hand,

'Twill be harder for me to quite understand
Just what they are after. Ah, here we are."
Now he noticed the second man wore a scar
Which he had evidently begotten in strife
And this one had stealthily drawn a large knife.
But the Ranger stood with the wall at his back
As the other man drew a huge blackjack.

THE ATTACK

The two thugs were hardly ten feet away
As the first one began to rock and sway,
And as he rushed forward, he dropped in a heap,
And laid there as if he had gone to sleep.
The other one uttered a cry of pain
As he tried to attack, but all in vain.
For now he stood still like an image of stone,
As the fallen one arose with a groan.
And when finally he stood on his feet,
He gasped, "Say, Jim, fer the love o' Pete,
Kin ya figger out wot the el we struck?
I feel like a useless heap o' muck."
Now the Ranger said, "Stand by your partner's
side
While I tell you how to save part of your hide."
The Volunteer had seen all, and heard.
Stood anear, but never said a word.
Now the Ranger said, "Men, before I begin
To punish you for your criminal sin,
You will tell me who hired you to do this job.
Ye had other motives than intent to rob.
Silence, my noble knights of the knife.
If either of you value your life
You will write down each and every name
Of those who hired you to play this game."

THE COMPULSORY CONFESSION

The cut-throats trembled with evident fear
At the voice that sounded cold and clear.
His words struck terror in each heart and soul,
Till they found their trembling hard to control.
Now he said, "Come, you with the charming nose,
And you with the scar like a wilted rose,
Ye might both well wish ye were never born,
Still ye need hardly look and feel so forlorn.
Ah, yes, I know you both can write.
So I'm going to make it easy and light
For you both. So come now, you each write in
turn.

Not a word, so neither of you may learn
Each other's lies. Now, Mr. Flat Nose,
Write, and be quick, or I'll trim it more close."
The one addressed made no effort to write.
Then he felt a few burning flashes of light.
He clapped his hand to his face with a groan
And found the rest of his nose was gone.
Then grasped the pencil and wrote six names,
And the Ranger said, "Next, and none of your
games.

And see that you get each and every name right,
Or I may take a notion to put out your light."
The second one took the pencil and wrote,

And the Ranger quickly made a note.
His six names tallied with all the rest,
And he knew his ruse had stood the test.

THE LECTURE AND BRAND

Now the Ranger said, "Men, it would serve ye
right

If ye went thru life without any light,
So ye could not see to murder your brothers,
Much less disgrace your own fathers and mothers.
I warn you now that the very next time
You wallow in any style of crime
I shall know it, and then you shall lose your
sight.

So see that from now ye both live right.
Don't ye know God commanded 'Ye shall not kill'
Yet ye were both quite eager to spill
My very heart's blood. But ye did not know
That I knew your object some time ago,
That I lured you here to this lonely place
For the pleasure of meeting you face to face.
Now off with your hats, so I can see
Your foreheads. I'll brand you both M. T.
There, that will do. Now if envious fools
Would know what it means, tell 'em Mammon
Tools.

You will also admit ye owe me thanks,
That I do honor your noble ranks.
But remember well what I have said,
Live strait, or ye are as good as dead.
Come, Volunteer, we can do no more.
Let these tools enjoy Lesson Number Four."

THE VOLUNTEER PLANS SAFETY

Both hurried away from the fateful place
That had been the end of the assassin's race
For lust of blood, gold, and the Ranger knew
They would nevermore be loyal to mammon's
crew

In the future. But still our Volunteer
Expressed his views and entertained fear
For the Ranger's Life, as he said, "Listen Friend,
I can get disguises almost without end.
Since we know the price set on your head,
You must not invite a storm of cold lead,
For you know well enough we have thugs and
scholars
Who would kill their own mothers for fame or
dollars.
So be careful, please, and take my advice.
Do not brave all the Spirits of Avarice.

Best retire now, according to our plan.
Go at once, and just inquire for Dan.
I'll be there soon after, with a few rigs,
So you can throw all these gold-hungry pigs
Clean off your trail, at least for a time,
And can watch them wallow in their own slime
Of self." Then the Ranger said, "You are right.
I shall go. Get the rigs. We will need 'em to-
night."

INSTRUCTIONS

'Twas dark, as two seedy-looking knights
Of the road appeared to view the sights.
They seemed a happy-go-lucky pair,
Free from any earthy worry or care.
They soon found themselves in a part of the
town
That was very quiet, and both sat down.
They were none other than Volunteer and
Ranger,
Disguised in a fashion both felt safe from danger.
Then the Ranger said, "Friend, you may deem
this strange,
But in just one minute I'll have the range
Of friends over two thousand miles from here.

Keep a sharp lookout, tho' there's little to fear."
The Ranger worked fast for nearly an hour,
Sent all his news. Ruth warned of the power
Of gold with which he must now contend,
Thanked God he had found one loyal friend.
The Ranger instructed her in detail
What the light of love must flash without fail.
When at last he was certain all was right,
Both flashed their last message, "God bless you,
Good Night."

TWO ANXIOUS HOURS

It lacked two hours of being midnight
When the Ranger had prophesied that a light
Would shine and reflect in God's great dome,
After which reforms must begin at home.
As they walked the streets this eventful night,
They heard very few even mention the light,
But those who did, held it in ridicule,
As the ravings of some crazy scientific fool,
Taking their cue from great men of the day,
Better versed in the sciences of Pay, Pay, Pay.
The night wore on and the heavens were dark,
Here and there they reflected a spark
Of a star vainly trying to pierce the gloom,

And a man remarked to his friend, "Plenty room
For that light that will save us all from perdition.
There's hardly a star, so there's no opposition."
Another said, "I heard that stranger holler.
To hell with his love lights, what I want is the
dollar."

Remarks of this nature were voiced by many,
Faith in the light, by few, if any.
Now the Ranger muttered, "Five minutes, ah,
three,
Then wise ones will marvel what fools mortals
be."

THE RANGER'S PROPHECY FULFILLED

Now it wanted but two minutes more to midnight
As the Ranger said, "Friend, 'tis a glorious night
For our work, but come let us pray again
To God that the light may not shine in vain,
Will reflect the real stranglers of mighty nations
And its worst stumbling blocks to real civiliza-
tion."

Then the Ranger pressed his Friend to his breast
And his heart pounded hard against his chest,
As he whispered, "Ten seconds more, Volunteer,
And our light of love and reforms should appear.

Now, Friend, watch the heavens. Hold me tight.
There—There—Don't you see that wonderful
light,
There strait above us? Oh, God, we both pray,
Let it shine, transform the night to day.
Let its rays instill hopes in hearts of real men
And women, chained like dogs to the pen
Of the sciences of self, that rule by the powers
Of gold, and would crush God's chosen flowers
By the millions. Yes, have crushed them for
ages,
Sneering down the appeals of our wisest sages.
Oh, Master, we beg thee again, and pray,
Define the false gods we must all obey.
Ah, Pal, dawn is breaking. Now it is day.
God bless Ruth and Daddy. Come we must
away."

THE LIGHT REFLECTS TRUTH

All the street lamps now reflected a sickly yellow
glare,

For it was broad day instead of night.

All was powerless to move, so traffic stood still,
And 'the silence as of an isolated graveyard
reigned.

All gazed aloft in fascinated wonder and awe,
Few there were who dared to believe their own
eyes.

All artificial lights now died out, as of one accord.
Then a large black screen formed in the heavens
Against which were pictured the Ranger's adventures,

Adventures incurred by enforcing only the Laws
of God.

Events portrayed were titled, "How God's Laws
are Accepted."

First portraying the unmasking of a great dollar
drive,

Next the shameful lies spread, when the truth
was known,

Then the interview with the rankest liar of all,
And sacrificing the Misleader in the interest
of truth.

Next the editor, still defying and cursing his God,
And then being branded in full view of many as
a selfish swine.

Yet not a word of explanation from the voice of
the people.

Nothing but misleading versions, tho' all knew the
truth.

Now six men are pictured, secretly planning murder,

Quickly agreed truth is a menace. Stranger must
die. Lots are drawn.

Winner of lot hires two of the most daring cut-throats in existence,

Who follow the strange Christian for hours,
Seeking a suitable spot to kill their prey for gold.
Then the terrible lesson is administered to the two
hired assassins.

The actors in all this tragedy could not be recognized,

Still the portrayal was perfect in each detail.

THE GODDESS OF TRUTH

Now Ruth appears against the screen in all her
queenly beauty,
So that all gaze on in fascinated, admiring won-
der and awe,
The seeming angel is arrayed in long flowing
robes of pure white,
And seems to float in space before the black
screen.
In one hand she holds a small urn filled with
human blood,
In the other a large quill. And now she prepares
to write.
First she greets her vast audience with a loving
smile of compassion.
Her smile so full of faith and encouragement
cheers her vast audience at once.
Now she dips her quill into the urn and writes in
flaming letters of blood—

“Children of God, inspired and commanded by
our only Master,
I greet all true sisters and brothers in the name
of God.
I shall write the truth, with the blood of martyrs.

Yes, martyrs condemned by earthly gods for
courting truth.

A new era is dawning for you all, if ye will embrace truth.

If ye will not, then the tolerance of God will turn
to wrath.

Ye are but one of endless planets or worlds,
But ye have become one of the most selfish tribes
of all.

Ye have the divine laws of nature to guide and
rule you,

But ye disregard them, and in their stead

Ye have set up and studied the inhuman sciences
of self.

While many of you profess faith in God, ye allow
earthly

Gods to rule you, heart, mind, body and soul.

Ruling gods who scatter a few seeds of their lust
To a favored few, but create only misery without
end for all.

Ye are all endowed with eyes to see, ears to hear,
And with brains to reason, not only in the interests of self

But to use them as God's laws dictate, in the interests of all.

Events of only two days have proven just this to
us,

If Christ returned among ye to-day, what would
happen?

We know just what happened, and have shown
you.

Your servile disciples and slaves of self would
hide truths from you.

Their masters would have them murder every
true Child of God in cold blood,

And every ordained pastor, did he dare oppose
the Power of Gold,

The same power that condemned and crucified
Christ.

And as you all well know has to-day grown a
thousand-fold stronger

And would not tolerate truth one day, much less
three years.

Children of God, Brothers, Sisters, I pray you all
To remember just this. There is but one God.

If ye know not your earthly ruling God, mammon,
Seek and ye will find, he is manifest to all.

He appears among ye all, masked in many dif-
ferent forms.

When ye abolish your earthly gods, ye abolish
misery makers.

And as I write, remember, and do not forget,
From dust all hath risen and to dust all shall re-
turn."

Now a clock in the church tower struck one.
Slowly the beautiful vision faded into the night.
And it was Night.

SIX DISCIPLES OF MIGHT ARE PUNISHED

As related, the two friends had hurried away
As the night had been transformed to day,
And walked straight to the finest part of the city.
And the Ranger said, "Friend, 'tis really a pity
That mammonites will not understand
They can no longer rule heavens, seas and the
land.

Hurry, we must teach these servile swine
Of self, that each will lose his shrine.
You have all the addresses. Ah, that is right.
Their hives will be dust ere one this night."
Soon they faced the first palace of gold and blood
lust,
Which in a few moments was ground to dust,
After first making sure not a living soul
Was inside. They soon reached their second
goal,

And served all six alike in their turn.
And the Ranger said, "Now we will see if they
spurn
God's truth. If so, and they won't understand,
We shall honor them all with the mammon brand.
Ah, come Pal, stand here. Let us read Ruth's
address.
'Tis her own creation. But pray, let us bless
This guardian angel, for she is divine."
Then they drank in her writings, line for line,
Remaining till Ruth finally faded from sight.
Both retired, highly pleased with events of the
night,
Praying Ruth's address would live and thrive.
Then both dreamed on Lesson Number Five.

PROGRESS

Next morning the heavens were draped in a haze,
While the people moved slowly, as if in a daze.
The friends studied this vast change from their
room,
Noting this new aspect as of impending doom.
For many still wore looks of doubt and awe
But the friends were content with what they saw.

Then the Ranger said, "Listen, Old Pal and Friend,

Looks to me like the drama of doubt will soon end.

Looks to me like the modern scientific laws
Of self will soon have to hide its own claws.

Here, I'll dictate an article for the press.

We must relieve most of this gloomy distress.

You may have it typed, send a copy to each
Of the sheets in the city.—Begin.—I would teach
Only truth, and would see all honest men do,

That you all cut loose from mammon's crew.

I command you to print in large type and line,
No insurance be paid to the seven mammon swine
Whose gains were begotten by lies and blood lust
And whose ill-gotten gains blew away in dust.

Natural laws shall now rule all this land

In place of your laws of Supply the Command

Of your selfish gods who sing, Pay, Pay,

And would murder a man who sings the lay

Inspired and dictated by forces divine.

Signed, God's Messenger. Sent to civilize
swine."

MORE IMPEDIMENTS TO PROGRESS

After having instructed his brave Volunteer,
The Ranger went forth without any fear,
Acting much like all others, to avoid suspicion,
Musing, "Ah, why should truth act like poisonous
nutrition."

After buying the news, one after another,
He found his inner joy hard to smother.
All but two sheets, to the slightest detail,
Had described the light that would not fail.
But two, as before, showed their yellow streaks
Of loyal faith to their ruling freaks,
Ridiculed the pictures as some clever freak
Of science they hoped to expose ere the week,
And the writings as idealistic tricks
Of well-meaning but dangerous fanatics.
Then he mused, "Ah, give the devil his due,
But I hardly think he will stand by you
Much longer. You'll stop your infernal railings
Or I'll find a way to correct your failings.
You are both great champions of modern suc-
cess,

But worse impediments to natural progress.
But, ah, I'll wait for my Volunteer's vote
And see how they handle our latest note.
Still I'll have fine news to-night in God's truth,
To send and cheer up both Daddy and Ruth."

COMPARING NOTES

The Ranger had spent four hours or more
In summing up all the press had to score,
But found that they had little to say
Of the six fine houses that had blown away
In dust, as by magic, during the night,
While all watched the seeming Angel write.
And he listened to endless new arguments,
All relating to very recent events,
And he found that many ventured this guess,—
Divine Science was at work to end distress
Mostly brought on by armies of new profiteers
Who were robbing all, without any fears.
And these forces would punish all at fault,
And they were such no mortal could halt.
Then the Ranger mused, "Ah, if they only knew
These forces consist of just only a few
Honest hearts not ruled by style or fashion,
That are ruled by nothing but humane compas-
sion.

Yes, I really wonder what they would say
If they knew we only want them to play
The game of life like humans, not swine,
Which is all that's desired by the just and divine."

HERALDS OF FAITH AND MISTRUST

He found it hard to compare all the notes,
Since there seemed to be many different votes.
Still the predominating notes sounded cheer,
Faith and hope that all would soon be clear.
And the versions of faith bro't joy untold
To the man who was breaking the Power of Gold.
And now he was joined by his Volunteer,
Who reported, saying "Pal, I fear
We shall be compelled to sacrifice
Just two more manufactories of lies.
As to all the rest, they seem reconciled
That truth can no longer be beguiled.
But come, let us work on our latest plan,
See how truth has affected our gambling clan
Who have chosen the fine, noble occupation—
Of gambling away the lives of whole nations,
When it happens to satiate their lust
For gold. And their laws declare it just
To gamble. So long legal pipers are paid,
They can gamble, and none need be afraid.
If our plans have worked, the hour will have
 struck
When our gamblers shall buck some very hard
 luck."

MOURNFUL HOWLS

The two started off at a rapid gait
Towards a great gambling den of state.
And when near they heard a frightful din
And wild disorder raging within.
They heard many barking out yell after yell,
And each chorus sounded much like, "Sell."
"Ho, Ho," said the Ranger, "but this is fine,
They seem to be drifting down the line.
Not one has ambition enough to buy
The slightest wee chunk of a mammon pie.
Pal, it looks like your plan is bearing fruit
Already. There's hardly a smile on one snoot.
Those yells sound nearly like howls of pain,
Coming from those great disciples of gain.
Ah, Pal, take this ring, you know what to do.
In ten minutes don't let one message thru.
Yes, I have your list of the worst hogs of all.
I'm going to give 'em an inspiring call.
This mob has too many worries and cares
In trying to peddle the people's wares.
So I fancy I won't create much suspicion
If I interfere and inspire some ambition."

INSPIRING AMBITION

So the Ranger entered and mixed with the mob
And mused, "Well, this sure is an easy job."
Then he spread many hints and words of cheer
To his listed patrons, and soon it was clear
That a certain clique had taken heart
And were giving the lagging markets a start.
Now the wires went wrong. The Ranger mused,
"Right."

As his favored ones bought everything in sight,
He reflected, "Now ye won't understand
That the markets are slumping in all the land.
The morrow will find a lot of you broke
And you won't be able to see the real joke.
Ye will wake up filled with hopes on the morrow,
Finding troubles ye often made others borrow.
Ye will hate to swallow your own brand of dope
But will know ye are hanging by your own rope.
Ye may curse the forces, tho they are divine,
That will end your wallowing in legal crime.
If ye knew two men with one little ring
Were making paupers of many a king,
Ye would sell all your souls to see them in hell.
So keep buying. I know ye are doing well."

SAFETY FIRST

Now the Ranger came out and joined his friend,
Saying, "Pal, this deal will hurry the end.
I really don't believe that I missed
A single performer you had on your list.
'Tis well that you know nearly all this gang,
Who are scientific patrons of this shebang.
You caught those wires exactly on time
To encourage those priestly kings of crime.
To-morrow no living soul can explain
What is breaking up the scientific reign
Of gold to such a heart-breaking extent
That no one may legally steal a cent."
Then the Volunteer said, "Now let's change our
rigs
Again. There may be some blood-thirsty pigs
Interested enough to locate the vile things
Who are pauperizing their modern kings.
I will take as much chance as any man
But I'm taking none with mammon's clan.
You know they can commandeer champions of
might,
Who would cheerfully kill us both on sight,
And I, for one, won't appease their thirst
For blood. I believe in safety first."

FURTHER INVESTIGATION

Soon after, these two daring, noble brothers
Would hardly be known to their own mothers.
The Ranger said, "Now we are safe. Come, let's
go

And see if we must strike another blow.
But if those two sheets have honored our note,
Their ships of affairs may safely float.
But, by heavens, they'll have to steer them strait,
Otherwise,—Well you can decide their fate."
The Volunteer said, "Right! Here's their edi-
tion

Just out. What, Ho! We can go to perdition.
They are nursing the notion they have us scared
And hint they are fully and strongly prepared.
Come, Pal, let's hurry. I'll lead the way.
I can handle these contracts ten blocks away.
Let me try my luck on these champs of might.
They are both obstructions to justice and right.
Ah, this will do. Now let's get the range.
I'll manage without even acting strange.
You walk on down and spread the news.
I know you can easily find an excuse.
Get everyone out and study the faces
Of the guards who are loyally guarding the
places."

THE MENACE IS AGAIN MANIFEST

Soon the Ranger signalled the Volunteer
That all were safely in the clear.
The next instant dust fell all around,
So fine it was hardly seen on the ground.
There was only a very light wind this day
Or the dust would have all been blown away.
In a very few minutes nothing but dust
Marked the place where champions of gold lust
And lies made a business of masking truth,
Even after having been warned by Ruth
That Divine Laws of Nature had come to stay
And stifle each scientific song of Pay, Pay.
Ten minutes later the second Misleader
Had ended its usefulness as a breeder
Of selfish doctrines. Then our Volunteer
Said, "Brother, I think the storm will soon clear,
But if I were any kind of a bard
I should say laws of self are dying hard."
The Ranger said, "Yes, but all will soon hallow,
Hail Truth, tho' for some 'twill be hard to swallow,
Especially by those who sing, Pay, Pay,
In a modern but never a natural way.
Truth is poison to scholars trained to such tricks
As our pupils of Lesson Number Six."

COMMENTING AND PLANNING

The two were soon quite away from the scene
And the Ranger said, "Now, let 'em vent their
spleen.

But it strikes me that we can safely guess
These two cannot domineer the whole Press
By any means. And it seems to me
They won't command very much sympathy.
If the insurance folks see things our way,
Then we can rest assured and say,
When we hit the financial aims of these sons
Of self, we have spiked their ablest guns.
But if as yet they will not understand,
They will both have to wear the S. S. brand.
If they garble truth yet, we will have to strike,
For I'll find a way to serve both alike.
Now to our room. Let's look up the news
For I feel we shall have a chance to enthuse
Over further progress. But here we are,
And, Old Timer, let's thank our lucky star
That it seems to be guiding us always aright,
Is letting us shed the natural light
Of truth that we know will never fail,
If the Laws of God are of any avail."

DIGESTING REAL GOOD NEWS

Arrived, they sat down to read and rest
And plan the next course that would be best
To pursue, in order to reflect the light
Of truth so all could see it aright.
As they scanned the last news, both were elated.
Their last note was printed just as dictated.
The insurance people had this to say,—
We shall heed your advice and will not pay
Any man who obeys false gods or kings,
And will not help perfect the order of things
As you may dictate from this very day.
You can rest assured we will not pay.
You may count on all forces at our command,
Since we feel you bro't blessings to our land.
And we know you are no new disciple of hate,
Since we know, feel and see that you dictate
The Laws of God, not the laws of mere man,
Who so far have been ruled by mammon's clan.
We shall conduct our business the natural way.
Command, or suggest, and we shall obey.
Then the Ranger said, "Brother, let's pray for
success
To all that are loyal to natural progress."
And both evidenced their heartfelt joy
And prayed they would no more need to destroy.

SELECTING CHAMPIONS OF RIGHT

Selecting five sheets, the Ranger said, "Friend,
On all these five we may safely depend.
They will champion right. Will stand by our
side,

But like others, they had to drift with the tide
Of self, because there appeared no other way,
No laws or signs that one could sway
Away from conventional style or fashion,
That it were modern crime to feel compassion
For other than self, or for fame and glory.
So ere we retire we shall write a short story
To them, so true they will not hesitate
To picture our greatest disciples of hate.
These five showed compassion from the first,
Seemed to lack the sensation-mongering thirst
For news they knew very well was wrong,
So I figure they won't sing the modern song
If we can make it as clear as day
That folks will now list to a natural lay.
I know the power and force of the Press
When it comes to advocating progress.
I feel they are now ready to advocate
How we should steer our little Ships of State,
And ready to condemn obsolete craft
That are steered by the modern compass of graft.

FURTHER REFLECTIONS

See, here are reports from all parts of the land,
Showing folks are beginning to understand
That the laws of self can no longer rule,
That we must select graduates of Nature's school
To navigate our little Ships of State
Safely thru all the slimes of mistrust and hate."
The two read and planned till the mantle of night
Hid the last rays of the fading twilight.
Then the Ranger said, "Pal, I'm glad this day
Is done. So come, let us hurry away,
We have much to transmit to Daddy and Ruth.
I've yearned all day in God's honest truth
For the night, so we could send our good news
To our Guardian Angel, for she will infuse
Our news and her joy into Daddy's breast.
We want him to know we are doing our best.
Ah, Pal, in fancy I see him right now,
Pondering, and wrinkling his noble brow,
Planning and scheming always for others,
Ruth dictating his duties to sisters and brothers,
And neither asking aught in return,
Not even caring if folks never learn
Dad has mastered the sciences of all the ages,
And Ruth has the wisdom of future sages.

EXTOLLING DADDY AND RUTH

Of course, Pal, you know I am speaking truth
When I tell you that neither Daddy or Ruth
Have the slightest leanings to riches or fame,
Only asking that man should play the game
Of life as befits a true Son of God,
That he do not obey the ruling rod
Of self, hate, prejudice, mistrust and doubt,
That he quit courting smiles on the mammon
snout.

I tell you Pal there lives no other
Who begins to compare with this noble brother,
Who has mastered the future sciences to be
Out of pure love for suffering humanity,
Not to further the modern ideals of self,
In the interests of priestly kings of pelf,
But to help God's teachers define God's laws,
So they need not leave out this little clause,
'Ye need not obey your material gods,
Nor fear their great scientific ruling rods
Of self, nor fear liveried beasts of prey.
Teach your children they must be done away.'
Ah, here's our spot. Watch out, my friend,
For I have many a message to send."

MORE THO'T TRANSMISSION

He sent many messages thru the night,
And Ruth's answers all reflected delight.
She expressed her joy at their fine progress
Against great creators of endless distresss.
She gloried to hear that true natural laws
Were finding an audience. And moreso, because
They had been able to conduct the strife
So far without sacrificing one life.
She considered their recent gambling call
Would result the most important of all.
Then the Ranger flashed, "But listen, Dear,
All the credit belongs to our brave Volunteer.
I don't know a thing about games of finance
But he has often watched them dance
To the tune of the glorious Almighty Dollars,
And he knows the real hankering of these great
scholars.
His courage, I tell you, exceeds my ken.
He has plenty, enough for fifty men.
Besides, he is one loyal son of God,
But an outcast, condemned by the ruling rod
Of hate, just because he is true as steel
And never nursed one selfish ideal."

PRAISING THE VOLUNTEER AND PLANNING

The Ranger continued to praise and extoll
His Volunteer, mind, heart and soul.
Finally, adding, "Ah, Dearie, he is a man,
And should he collide with mammon's clan
Or their hirelings, and they try to spill
His blood, I know I shall have to kill
An army, if needs be, to save his life.
Yet I pray it will never come to strife."
Then Ruth also praised the brave Volunteer,
The Ranger translating and making it clear
That he had won the love and respect
Of Daddy and Ruth. And he did not neglect
To add, "Volunteer, this is also true,—
I'd stake my life and my all on you."
Now the two chief schemers planned the light
And what it must reflect the next night.
When all was explained, many tho'ts of love
Flashed back and forth thru the heavens above.
When both were assured that all was clear,
Ruth flashed, "I shall do my part, never fear.
You may safely depend all will see the light
Of love on time." Then a last "Good-Night."

REFLECTIONS THAT BURNED

When safely arrived back in their room,
The Ranger said, "Now we predict the doom
Of the laws of self, and the Power of Gold,
Tho I fear our prediction will send icy, cold—
Like shivers down many a swinish back,
When no one will dare protect his shack
As in the successful grand days of old,
When all had to dance to the tune of gold,
When slaves shed each other's blood without fears
To create still more slaves, and new profiteers,
To exact their royalties from every nation,
Whose slaves were subjected to subordination.
That man can be driven to run or creep
To mammon, like so many cattle or sheep,
Is beyond my ken. But hell, let us start,
Such tho'ts burn into my brain and heart
Like the hottest fires that ever raged in hell."
Now the Volunteer said, "Please rest a spell.
That's right, Pal. Now let me make a start.
And I'll write our article strait from the heart.
When done, you may have it for inspection,
To add or make any needed correction.
Not a word, now, please, and I will write
And try to define our ideas of right."
Soon after, he handed his lengthy note
To the Ranger, and this was what he wrote—

A PERSONAL LETTER TO THE LEADING EDITORS

"To all my Christian Brothers of the Mighty
Press—

I greet you, one and all, in the name of God.

It is ordained it be your sacred duty for all time

To function as the voice of *all* the people.

To serve only truths to master or servant, and
favor none.

Ye have all recently evidenced the true Christian
spirit.

Ye know what befell those who disobeyed God's
will.

Ye should know that I would rather request
than command

And that my requests are inspired by divine
forces,

Forces far above and beyond the knowledge of
man.

I fully recognize your far-reaching powers

As a mighty influence in creating either good or
evil.

So, in and for the interests and benefits of all
honest men,

Ye will comply with the wishes of a messenger
from God,

If ye will print the following, and transmit to all
leading centers:—

THE PROPHECY AND SUGGESTIONS

To all our loyal sisters and brothers—
We have been requested by the messenger of God
To state that the light of love,
That will reflect the dawn of a new era,
Will shine in the heavens again to-night
Between the hours of twelve and one.
That ye need entertain absolutely no fears,
Since the light will reflect only God's truths
And laws that ye have all disobeyed.
It should already be evident to ye all
That much that ye worship as right is wrong,
Wrong in the eyes of God and every honest man.
Every man who is not ruled by the laws of self
Must feel that the scientific rule of mammon,
Aided by all his kingly and princely priests, is
done.
Even as ye read, forty or more of his kings
Shall have fallen from fame to shame.
And because of their lust to fleece ye all.
And their individual losses shall mean
No other man's gain, but benefits for all alike.
This will be proof and evidence to ye all
That the lust and Power of Gold is already
broken,

That henceforth no man or combination of men
May legally gamble away the lives of nations,
Nor the necessities to sustain the life of our nation.

The natural consequence of this shall be,
We may abolish the laws of cold steel,
Laws only needed to enforce the laws of self.
Ye need but set an example, and all nations
Will gladly, aye, cheerfully, follow.
And as an individual nation ye can be proud
That ye were chosen as God's pioneers
To blaze the first strait and clear trails
To real Christianity and civilization.
The light of love will further instruct ye to-night.
Signed,—A Messenger From God."

NEXT DAY

The Ranger added a line or two.
Copies were made and sent right thru,
In a way that could create no suspicion,
And in time to go in the morning edition.
Both agreed to leave the main issue to Ruth,
In further advising and defining truth.
Quite satisfied they had done their best,
They retired for a very much needed rest.

The Volunteer being the first to arise,
He managed to work a pleasant surprise,
As he woke the Ranger, armed with the first
sheet,
Which the Ranger found was a welcome treat.
He made no attempt at hiding his pride,
As he said, "Now we have the Press on our side.
Ah, see, they add fine advice of their own.
Now the seeds of truth will be fully sown
To every part of this, our great land,
So that even mammon must understand
His scientific temples and shrines are falling.
Ah, soon his disciples will do some crawling."
The Volunteer smiled, saying, "Come, let's dine
And then go down and relieve the line.
It will be a study to watch those faces
When reports arrive from other places,
For we have the stage set for an awful slump
In the markets. And we hold the winning
trump."

THE PROPHESED PANIC

The two arrived on the scene of action,
Noting many a look of woe and distraction
On many a face. Then they drew near
And soon had all the balky wires clear.
Soon men began pouring in by the score,
Till the mob was much larger than before.
Strange enough, as reports began coming in,
There was nothing like the hideous din
And the howling of men gone money mad.
Now the Ranger said, "Pal, I wish that Dad
Had seen them yesterday cutting their capers
And see 'em now, glaring at the papers,
Reading how nicely we reflect their game
And define their brand of glory and fame.
Ah, a few appear to be coming to life,
Yet none too eager to enter the strife,
Shift golden gods, and presto, then
Even money-mad maniacs seem like men.
Yesterday hell were quieter than this shebang.
Now see the docile looks of this gang.
Just because nature's laws of equality
Loom up in the very near future to be.
Ah, my gamling comedians, there isn't a doubt
Ye are done courting smiles on mammon's snout.
From now ye will play your little game
Of life like humans, or go down in shame."

THE PANIC

The next few hours portrayed the worst,
That the gambling spirit was doomed, accursed.
All the markets kept going down and down
And dark gloom had settled on the town.
Then the Volunteer said, "Spirits of Avarice,
Ye are doomed to pay the natural price
For your bloody gold lust, and each selfish song
Ye have sung a few thousand years too long.
Your ill-gotten gains are melting away,
Like winter snow would on a hot summer day,
And as ye sink down in the bogs
Of your selfish slimes, ye will drag lesser hogs
Down with you, never to rise again,
Lest ye come up cleansed like honest men.
If ye rise and sing your scientific strain
Of self, methinks ye will sing in vain.
Ah, note the sickening miens of these brothers
Who cannot swallow what they have fed others
For years." Then the Ranger said, "Brother
 dear,
It seems to me we are finished here.
Bless you, Old Pal, but you can reason.
This surely does reflect loyal treason.
Ruth was right. 'Tis our master stroke, I know.
But we have more work to do. Let us go."

SUMMING UP THE SITUATION

Mournful looks adorned many a face
As they finally drew away from the place.
They were in the gambler's part of the city
And the Ranger said, "Pal, it's really a pity
That honest men should worry and fret
Just because earthly gods are losing a bet.
Come, let us write up a few words of cheer
That will help shift this gloomy atmosphere.
Tell 'em they are wasting their sympathy,
If they grieve for singers of 'Pay Only Me.'
We've got to word it distinct and clear,
That honest men need have no fear
Just because they are going to lose the chains
Of slavery, welded by captains of gains.
Just a nice little article, please, Volunteer,
That will reflect sunshine on this atmosphere.
Here's a quiet place. Just sign the old name,
So the Press will know from whence it came.
Tell 'em our greatest breeders of miserie
Will nevermore sing, 'Damn Ye All, Pay Me.'
I rather fancy they won't have to guess
What is the real nature of this little mess."

A USELESS NOTE

The Volunteer added a line or two,
Then they both agreed this ought to do.
"Ah, extras are out with the panicky news.
By heavens, the Press seems to enthuse.
Ho, Ránger, attention, see you don't miss
These wonderful news. So listen at this—
Now here we go,—'Citizens of our nation,
We are having a lesson in civilization.
Our supposed panic will shortly pass.
We advise you to swallow no poison gas.
'Tis the work of the Messenger of God,
And we have all faith in his ruling rod.
Have no fears the country will go to the dogs
Just because he is civilizing some hogs.'
Ah, here is the next. Let's see what he says.
They see the trail leading to happier days
Being cut thru the modern laws of self,
Or blasted thru mountains of ill-gotten pelf.
Three more agree along the same line.
I tell you, Pal, this is better than fine.
So we'll send our little note just the same.
'Twill encourage the Press to play the game.
And with such support I feel and know
We don't have very much further to go."

RESTING AND COMMENTING

The next issues containing their note of cheer
Seemed to purify the whole atmosphere.
Nearly all now seemed in a happy state
Of mind, and few seemed to mourn the fate
Of their greatest creators of misery
And were already planning the future to be,
Along lines that reflected such broad-minded
scopes

To discourage any and all last hopes
Of any supporters of mammonism,
Since the new doctrines all breathed altruism,
With laws of let live and equality
That must stifle all hopes of autocracy.
The Ranger said, "Pal, this is a fine token
That the cursed Power of Gold is broken.
Many openly say they will now rule this land,
If they have to fashion a muzzle or brand
For even great captains or engineers
Who cater to miseries' profiteers
And attempt to navigate our Ship of State
For any scientific disciples of hate.
Wonder just what Ruth will reflect to-night.
But never fear but what her light
Of love will reflect more than just a notion
Of natural loyalty, faith and devotion."

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THE LAST INSTRUCTIONS

'Twas night again as the two went out
And sent the last message that left no doubt
In either Ruth's or Daddy's heart
That the laws of self were near torn apart,
That the people were singing a natural lay
Of songs, and condemning songs of "Pay, Pay
Only Me. 'Tis a natural law, understand,
To supply any royalty my gold demands."
Ruth and the Ranger spent a long time
In perfecting their plans to defeat legal crime.
Then Daddy and Ruth bid both Good Night,
To further prepare and arrange the light
To reflect cheer and encourage past events,
And discourage all further self pretence.
By ten P. M. all the people were out
On the streets, and few expressed any doubt
But the light would shine in the heavens above
And reflect good cheer and brotherly love.
Yet in spite of all this faith and good cheer,
It still seemed evident and quite clear
That selfish hopes were not yet all dead.
Some were yet unwilling to earn their own bread.
But the two pals laughed at these selfish views
Of life, in which few now seemed to enthuse.

ONE LONG HOUR OF WAITING

The Ranger was gazing to his earthly heaven
Westward, as all the clocks struck eleven.
But few of the people seemed to mind
The long wait. And the Ranger said, "Pal, I
find

The time is going a whole lot too slow
For me. So come let us shift and go
To some other place and hear more comments.
I enjoy all these new-voiced sentiments
That are being so freely expressed by the masses
And always were condemned by the classes.
Now it seems we don't brand sentiment as gam-
mon

That does not hail from the camps of mammon.
This long wait but seems to increase the cheer
Of the vast majority, and I've no fear
But what all will joy at seeing Ruth's light.
And I'm rather curious to see what she'll write.
But you can bet she will spike the guns
Of self, much like we discouraged the Huns,
And do it in her own truthful way
So it must appear as clear as day,
That we have done with the laws of self
And the scientific love of ill-gotten pelf."

THE VOLUNTEER'S REFLECTIONS

Twenty minutes more, and still the good cheer
Increased, and now it seemed quite clear
All would understand the object of the light.
And again, as before, 'twas a beautiful night,
Countless stars twinkled in God's great dome,
As if beckoning wandering souls to come home.
Then the Volunteer mused, "Ah, but who can tell
But each star represents a lone sentinel
Set aloft to guide some poor, struggling soul
That is freed of all earthly selfish control.
I often feel stars must reflect the Divine,
And more often wondered which might be mine,
Mine guiding star that has guided me right,
So that I survived my hard up-hill fight.
I have told you how I encountered the claws
Of avarice, when I taught God's true laws,
And was driven forcibly from the strife,
In danger and fear of my very life.
Then I wandered around like a lone outcast,
Trying hard to forget and live down the past,
Cursing the fact that the just and divine
Must cringe to mammon, like filthy swine.

I was cursing the fates for creating me,
When something guided me safely to thee."
The Ranger was listening in wrapt attention
As his pal reflected his doubtful contention,
Adding, "Yes, I was tempted to curse the Divine
Ere I saw you branding that selfish swine.
Aye, that beast spread lies without hesitation
That branded me traitor to my own nation,
And, because I had exposed some graft
That was being encouraged by his craft.
Then I was condemned by the powers that rule,
Of which that swine was a servile tool.
So when you branded that heap of muck,
I knew at once mammon's hour had struck.
You know all the rest, and you know I am game,
And you know I don't hanker for riches or fame.
I'd have given my life, aye, cheerfully sold
My soul, just to break the Power of Gold.
And now, Brother Dear, can you not tell me
What guided mine wearied footsteps to thee,
If it were not my guiding star from above,
That reflected your mission of peace and love?"
And the Ranger answered, "Would I could tell
thee,
But I've often thanked God he sent you to me."

THE FRUITS OF HONEST TOIL

When the brave Volunteer had done at last
Recounting his many hardships of the past,
The Ranger was silent but a short while.
Then he answered his pal with a cheering smile,
"Do you remember what I once told you,
That I know you are faithful, devoted and true
And will ever be loyal to God and man?
So I'll see that you lead the earthly clan
Of God's teachers, because you know who is fit
And who was, or is, a rank hypocrit.
I know you will select but the best.
Ye will know them when you apply the test.
Ye can easily weed out our double-enders
And our well-known styles of scientific pre-
tenders.
I've proposed this to Daddy and Ruth, under-
stand,
And both would gladly have you command
The forces that teach only God's true laws,
Without forgetting His principal clause."
Now at last a clock in a neighboring tower
Pealed the first stroke of the heralded hour.
And, as before, the night soon gave way.
The stars disappeared, and again it was day.

THE LIGHT THAT ENLIGHTENED

As before, just a large black screen remained,
Then a few words of writing fully explained,—
“We shall picture your recent events here above,
That ye may better read our message of love.”
The events were pictured so distinct and clear
That it bro’t forth many a roaring cheer
From the people, who seemed nearly wild with
joy,

When they realized man was no longer a toy,
Nor a slave to the cursed Power of Gold,
And nations could no longer be bought or sold.
The pictures then warned, “Profiteers, beware,
Lest all your gains rise as dust in the air,
And disciples of self abandon States Craft.
We have done with your modern compass of graft.
Honest men, be wise. See all this be done
And ye will have no need for sword or gun.
Ye will not need spring at the throats of brothers
If ye let your new compass be fashioned by
mothers.

They will not allow human beasts to roam free
Thru your blighted Gardens of Humanity.”
Then a seeming angel came floating thru space
And stopped right above the picture place,
And as the last picture faded from sight
This angelic vision began to write.

THE MESSAGE OF LOVE

“Brothers and Sisters, I greet ye all in the name
of God

And in His noble cause of Universal Brotherly
Love.

As ye all know, God’s laws are being enforced

By the Messenger of God, who is invincible.

Yet ye must know he is righteous and just,

Ye must all know God’s Messenger is among ye

To see that henceforth the entire world is your
home,

To see that ye are free to prospect your own free
ranges,

That ye shall not encounter one enemy on your
trails.

And because ye shall create no more earthly
enemies,

Ye shall have none to hate, fear or entertain.

God’s Messenger has already rid ye of your worst
foes,

Who were masked scientifically to resemble
friends,

Who have looted and ravaged your Gardens of
Humanity

For ages. And these are the Spirits of Avarice.
They have trained you in their arts of scientific
barbarism,

In the interest of no end of profiteers.

And all those they have endowed with the Power
of Gold.

Their terrible power had become mighty and fear-
ful,

So mighty, it ruled your rulers and their selfish
satellites,

Followers who were leading nations to destruc-
tion and ruin.

Follow God's Messenger, then peace and happi-
ness is yours.

Ye all know mighty nations have risen and fallen,
And mainly because of their inhuman love of con-
quest,

Conquest that inspired the lust of blood and gold,
Held sacred only by avaricious, scheming, dis-
ciples of self,

Who have ruled the hearts, minds and souls of
nearly all.

Have even silenced the voices of God's best
teachers,

And ye all know, have ruled the voices of nearly
all peoples,

Until God's truths have come to exist only in
shreds,

Torn to tattered fragments by the laws of self
And the savage, selfish slaves of gold.

Seek deep in your hearts and ye will find

That ye have lustily condemned many others

For obeying the same gods ye all worshipped.

So that ye have virtually courted many of your
miseries,

And because ye have obeyed the Spirits of
Avarice,

Since ye also know their Power of Gold is broken,

Ye must feel and know 'tis the work of God,

And He has decreed selfishness can nevermore
rule.

Now remember what I told ye once before,—

A new era has dawned, has reflected the spawn of
self,

And the Messenger of God has effectively crushed
it,

Has done more for humanity in one short week

Than the sciences of self have done thru all the
ages.

And now, My Loyal Children of God,
I am happy to state, that even as I write,
New laws are being enforced across your own
borders,

Laws that would have meant penal servitude or
death

For anyone daring to advocate, one short week
ago.

Ye are virtually free of all your ruling curses,
Quite free to shape and rule your own destinies,
And to easily become the mightiest nation of all.
Yet ye cannot become and stay mighty
Lest ye all cheerfully earn your own daily bread,
Never by coveting the bread honestly earned by
others.

Soon students of Nature will appear among ye.
These students will teach ye the True Compass of
Love.

They shall first teach ye the four natural points.
Ye will find they are Unselfishness, Loyalty, Faith
and Devotion.

These are the four essential points of your new
Compass

That will guide you aright for all time,
Will guide you direct to real Christianity and
civilization.

Brothers and Sisters, time presses. I pray ye all
To have complete faith in your new scholars to
be.

God will then grant you happiness and lasting
peace.

So with God's blessings to all, I bid you Good
Night."

And in less than one minute it was night.

REJOICING

Silence as of the graveyard had resigned
While Ruth had written and explained
Their views, and defined her Compass of Love
As if from out of the heavens above.
And now, as the vision faded from sight,
A roar of applause rent the stillness of night
And continued, each louder than before,
Till millions of lungs were tired and sore.
The two pals' hearts beat hard with emotion
As they heard this joyful and happy commotion.
The Ranger tried hard to say a word
To his Pal, but as yet nothing could be heard
But the seeming endless rejoiceful roar,
Till many a throat was husky and sore.
And so it continued more than an hour,
Till many a voice had lost its power.
And millions never retired that night,
While the pals were treated to many a sight,
As many kissed and hugged for sheer joy,
With a happiness that was without alloy.
Then the Ranger said, "Pal, come, let us pray
That Our Angel of Truth has won the day."

THE BIRTH OF CIVILIZATION

When the Ranger had finally found his voice,
He prayed, "Oh, God, in Thee we rejoice,
That you enabled our noble Ruth
To so ably defend and expound the truth."
"And now, Brother Dear, you must help me
Find words to define this great victory
To Daddy and Ruth, so they can understand
The real blessings they have bro't to our land.
Ah, in fancy I hear the answer of Dad.
He will say, 'Now hush, please, Ranger Lad,
But for you, Ruth, and our brave Volunteer,
No one could have known this hour of cheer.
Ah, Brother Dear, I hope, and shall pray,
You may meet Dad and Ruth some near future
day.

Then you will meet a natural King and Queen,
The like of which you have never yet seen.
I tell you right here, and right now, My Boy,
Their love for what's natural is without alloy."
Then the Volunteer smiled and answered, "Yes,
Ranger,
That's why Ruth don't regard you as a stranger
Nor Daddy, since you can sing his own lay.
But Halloa! The Press proclaims a new holiday,
And it reads,—'To-day this entire nation
Celebrates The Birth of Civilization.' "

YEARNINGS FOR HOME

It was day as they read the new proclamation
That proclaimed the birth of real civilization.
And long before the night passed away
The city was dressed for a new holiday.
Few, if any, had courted sleep that night
And many were still discussing the light
And in such an apparent, broad-minded way,
Boding ill for scientific singers of Pay,
And assuring the Pals people did understand
That selfishness could nevermore rule the land.
Now the Ranger said, "Pal, I shall entrust the
rest

To you. Use your forces as you deem best.
You are now the real Messenger of God,
Since you possess his earthly ruling rod.
You have all the rings, and you know their use,
And I'm staking my life you will not abuse
Your powers. So send all the news each night.
Tell Daddy and Ruth the sciences of might
Have all gone down before God's truth.
Then don't forget to mention to Ruth
That I felt a sudden desire to roam.
You are handling the rest. I am coming home."

ON THE WAY

"Come Socks, old timer, don't fail me now,
We haven't much further to go.
It's a rather hard grind, I'll have to allow,
So let's travel awhile kinder slow.
We've got to make the Lost Cabin ere night
And you done it once nicely before
Not so long ago. You remember all right.
But then your feet weren't sore."
Then the Ranger spoke again to his beast,—
"Socks, I really wish you could talk.
But I don't mind hiking in the least,
I'm guessing you'd like me to walk."

So he plodded along a mile or two,
Over the hard rocky trail,
Reflecting, "I wonder what I would do
If Socks should happen to fail.
I rushed off like an impetuous dub,
Hardly prepared for this trip.
Didn't have sense enough to bring any grub,
Yet I can afford to skip
A feed or two, for I feel like a lark.
But I pray that Socks don't fail
To help me reach that Cabin ere dark
Or I'm likely to lose the trail."

So he walked along for another mile
Or two at his animal's side.
Socks whinnied, and he said, with a smile,
"Guess now you want me to ride."
He mounted again, admitting to Socks,
"I know the trail's hard 'n' rough,
And I know this traveling on sheer rocks
Is a few degrees worse than tough.
Still I know you never will sluf your spunk,
Even if your feet go wrong.
I'll walk, till we get the range of our bunk.
Buck up, 'n' we'll make it ere long."

The Ranger spoke many a kindly word
To his faithful and noble Socks,
Who seemed encouraged by what he heard
As he struggled on over the rocks.
But at last they finally came in sight
Of the Cabin, then reached the door
Just in time. A few minutes later 'twas night,
And the Ranger laid down on the floor.
This time phantoms did not disturb his rest,
Yet he dreamed he had civilized Rome.
Awoke the next morn, was soon riding West,
Saying, "Socks Dear, we'll soon be home."

RUTH'S REFLECTIONS

This very morning Ruth said, "Daddy Dear,
I feel that Our Ranger is drawing near.
Yes, Dad, we will soon see Our Ranger Boy,
And the very tho't fills my heart with joy.
How well I remember when we rode the trail.
He assured me your light could never fail.
And he seemed somehow to take full control
Of our tho'ts, and I loved him then heart and
soul.

You wait and listen, Daddy Dear,
As he gives the most credit to his Volunteer.
No doubt but he is a true, loyal brother,
But I cannot believe there lives such another
As Our Ranger Boy. Now he's coming home.
And he promised me he'd nevermore roam,
If your light, with his work, proved a success.
And, Oh Daddy, I yearn for his loving caress.
My heart aches to hear him tell his whole story
And I know he'll deny himself the most glory."
Then Daddy said, knowingly, "Well, well, Ruth,
Any lad who so eagerly courts God's truth,
Stands to reason he must belong to our clan
And reflect a loyal, clean-hearted white man."

WHEN IDEALS MEET

Ruth reflected, "If he reached the Cabin last night
Without any mishap, he'll soon come in sight."
Now she tho't she heard the distant sound
Of hoof beats, then fairly flew over the ground
To meet her Ideal, her Mate, her Man,
Who belonged to her father's Godlike clan.
When they met in that wilderness of rocks,
The Ranger forgot Volunteer, Dad and Socks,
Forgot he had fasted near thirty hours,
But did not forget to thank Divine powers
That they let him inherit this great joy,
When Ruth said, "I love you, My Ranger Boy,
When he'd clasped this idol of his best dreams
To his manly breast, his joy was supreme,
As he murmured, "My Queen, is it really true?
Does my love really mean so much to you?
Am I then sole possessor of all your charms?"
And Ruth nestled still more close in his arms.
He went on, saying, "I've dreamed of this hour,
When I should possess God's sweetest flower,
And now, Ruth, My Queen, since I possess you,
I know my most wonderful dream is true."

NATURAL HORSE SENSE

Then he added, "Ah Ruth, I always knew
Some day I was bound to find and love you."
And then as he gazed in her wonderful eyes,
That reflected devotion so loyal and wise,
He continued, "Ah, Dear, but it does seem queer
I never once tho't of our brave Volunteer.
And I feel we are also neglecting poor Dad.
For he will sure be happy and glad
To know that I finally did get home.
And I pray I shall nevermore care to roam
From the sweetest flower that grew in the West
Or in all the world. And I love it best.
Do you want to know why?" Then a nod from
Ruth
Bro't this answer, "I love its fragrance of truth."
Now he found he'd spent far over an hour
Extolling and loving his beautiful flower
Of truth. Then gazed around 'mongst the rocks
But saw not the slightest trace of Socks.
Ruth read his tho'ts, saying, "Ranger Dear,
He went home, feeling he was not needed here."
And he answered, "Right. Socks makes no pre-
tence
At hiding his Natural Common Horse Sense."

THE RANGER REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF

Now these two noble, loyal, Children of God,
Who worshipped the very same divining rod
Of love and truth, hurried over the trail
To the man whose light of truth did not fail.
The meeting was one of purest joy,
As Daddy embraced his Dear Ranger Boy.
Then the Ranger recounted every detail
Of his work. Then added, "The light could not
fail

With master minds like our Volunteer,
And mainly Ruth, to define it so clear.
Ah, I tell you, Daddy, again and again,
But for him I fear my work were in vain.
I prayed and thanked God, yes, many a time,
That He sent him to help us beat scientific crime."
Then Daddy said, "Hush, Boy, you led the strife
And without the loss of one single life.
The Volunteer calls you our master mind,
And, Lad, would ye have me feel I am blind?
Aye, Laddy Dear, would ye have me feel
I don't know who broke the laws of cold steel,
Broke the Power of Gold, and the laws of self?
Lad, the master mind was none but yourself."

THE RANGER'S REWARD

Now Daddy said, "Listen, Ranger Dear,
At the latest report from your Volunteer.
This one came rather early last night.
Rest assured, Right now supercedes Golden
 Might.

Men are now forming one great association,
Which already controls the entire nation,
And all leanings that leaned to the anarchist
Have been swept aside by the True Altruist.
Now I know Christian students of Nature's
 school

Will be welcomed. And what is more, can rule
The people. And they have fashioned a brand
To burn on all who will not understand
That no one may honor a servile tool
Of the selfish spirits that used to rule."
And now they sank down on bended knee
And prayed, "Oh God, we all thank Thee
From the very depths of our hearts and souls
That ye let us free men of selfish control,
That ye let us do honor to our Great Nation,
Let us blaze trails to Christian Civilization."
Daddy said, "You deserve your reward, in God's
 truth. .
Name it, Boy." And he answered, "I only want
 Ruth."

THE POWER OF GOLD



THE POWER OF GOLD

A Student and graduate of Nature's school,
Had often been branded a doubting fool
For having lost faith in great modern scholars,
Who court, and get all inspiration from dollars,
He had passed the tho'tless stages of youth,
When a man starts thinking and courting truth.
Now he would know just why self-compassion
Was fast becoming the style or fashion.
So he studied scientific, inhuman, pretensions,
Designed to hide golden bones of contentions.
He studied in schools of hard, toilsome, strife
Until these heartfelt convictions grew rife,—
That we mask, yet honor, our laws of self
And our inhuman love for conquest and pelf.
We applaud the antics of great double-enders,
Great catch-penny artists and modern pretenders,
Just because they seem in the fashion or style
And stand ever ready to beguile
The hearts, minds and souls of young and old,
Teaching all to honor The Power of Gold.

He had oft burned the candle at both ends
To study out who might be foes or friends,
What creates all our evident servility
To our gods of riches and self-slavery.
He could not understand why any man
Need obey his slaving gods or their clan
And cringe to them in terror and fear
And hold their doctrines as sacred and dear.
So, becoming disgusted, he roamed far away

To the wilds, encountering wild beasts of prey,
To find they seldom destroy or kill
The weaker, once they have gorged their fill.
Then he mused, "But, ah, our human beast
Never seems to sicken or tire of his feast,
Tho' he has enough for ten thousand men,
He resumes his attack again and again.
And God help the man who dares interfere
With selfish ideals earthly gods hold dear.
For many a man has dug his own grave
For breathing compassion for a slave
Who sings not the praise of the priestly fold
That are blest with the cursed Power of Gold."

RUMINATIONS

He went on musing in this way,
"Why should we sing the new modern lay
That sanctions scientific blood and gold lust,
And how can we call it legal or just
To help our great champions of golden might
Knock out more billions each day and night?"
So our Student could not yet understand
What might, or might not, be the natural brand
Of conventions, or things we call civilization,
Tho' he possessed much imagination.
He had read many morbid versions of glory,
So often exalted in song, prose or story,
Then reviewed the days Christ was branded a fool
And traitor, for opposing mammon rule.
Not so much for befriending the poor and oppressed,
Or healing the wounds of the sorely distressed,
But because He bared golden bones of contentions
And tau't God's truth without any pretensions.
For when Christ opposed great money-lenders,
He opposed the world's greatest double-enders,
And was condemned in tones hard and cold,
By judges ruled by The Power of Gold.

IF CHRIST RETURNED TO-DAY

Now he mused, "If Christ returned to-day,
To stifle our songs of 'Damn Ye All, Pay,'
By heavens, it seems quite clear to me
That few of us would be able to see
Or believe truths we all know are Divine.
And we'd stick to our earthly gods like swine.
If Christ tau't us in the same old strain,
I fear all His teachings would be in vain.
We would much prefer to drink from the bowl
Of Disciples of Hate, who rule heart and soul.
So then, if Christ did return to-day,
Tau't brotherly love in His old loving way,
Had all the support of our wisest sages,
Endowed with the added wisdom of ages,
And tried to teach His compassionate lay,
Could He teach three weeks? If so, where,
 pray?
When He knows to-day, moreso than of old,
Many more so-called Christians worship gold,
Could He teach three days, if He were so bold
To condemn the world's present Power of Gold?"

A NATURAL DREAMER

Our Student was one of these natural dreamers
That are ridiculed by all selfish schemers,
The tribes that uphold the laws and advice
Handed down by the spirits of avarice.
These spirits brook no dissenting breath,
Tho' they force us into the dance of death.
So he mused again, "'Tis passing strange
Man is free to prospect God's big open range.
God gave him eyes wherewith to see
The trails leading direct to his misery.
He blazed the trails, blood lust, gold lust and
greed.

Still selfishness follows them. Pays no heed
To dangers ahead, and will not be told
Misery must increase with his lust of gold.
Every new recruit who joins earthly despoilers
Exacts more royalties from honest toilers,
And our inhuman battles for self-success
Are stumbling-blocks to natural progress.
So when a man lets selfish spirits control
His very heart, mind, body and soul,
It were time this lustful waster were told
That Satan dictates his lust for gold."

COMPARING DRONES

Now he puzzled, "Can man be within his rights
When he nurses and crowns all his parasites?"
He studied this out to its extreme length,
Then the answer came back with forceful
strength,
For he found wherever he chanced to go,
Nature's laws dictated a thousand times, No,
For he found that even the busy bee,
Tho' an insect, will use its own eyes to see
It is wrong to nurse lazy and idle drones,
Much less to build him palace and thrones.
Bees that would fatten on efforts of others
Are ousted, or stung to death, by their brothers.
But human drones have no natural laws
To fear. Busy toilers must whet their claws,
Must supply the drones with no end of honey,
Moreso if the drone has stores of money.
The toilers are given to understand
Nature's laws dictate, Supply their demand.
If the toiler refuse,—But need ye be told?
Ye know the verdict of *The Power of Gold.*"

FURTHER REFLECTIONS AND A PRAYER

Reflections like these over-crowded his mind
And thousands more of a similar kind,
Till he began to feel morose and sad
And feared his studies would drive him mad.
He never could reason the modern way,—
To hell with you, Jack, I am O. K.
Nor rest content and feel at ease,
While seeing the weaker ones' hardships increase.
He would not advise them to use their brains,
As dictated by great disciples of gains.
He was more than willing to earn his own bread
And could see the real dangers looming ahead.
Then he prayed to God, "Please let me foresee
Events of the coming ages to be.
I seek not fame, glory or wealth, all I ask,—
Please God you will strengthen me for my task
Of blazing one trail thru my own nation
That would lead us all to real civilization.
If I could enlighten one and all
I'd face a firing squad back to a wall.
Only let me define the miseries untold
That are wrought by the cursed Power of Gold."

ONE LOYAL SLAVE

His trail was beset with many dangers,
Here and there he met a few savage strangers
Who seemed to shun him, since many had
Tasted white man's fury when conquest mad.
Night after night he slept under God's dome,
Ten thousand miles from friends and home,
Where he had often been dubbed a fool
For placing his faith in Nature's school
And for criticising all selfish swine
For dishonoring laws we know are divine,
And who persist in singing this lay—
"Let the less intellectual make all your hay."
One catch-penny artist told him one day,—
"Your dope is all true, but I can't make it pay.
I'll take all my Nature lessons from scholars
With modern systems of getting the dollars.
I prefer the praises of brainy art
To your silent encores of the heart.
To hell with your universal progress.
I am climbing my own ladder of success."
And this servile critic went white when told,—
"You are sure one loyal Slave of Gold."

ANOTHER NATURAL PRAYER

Footsore and weary, he plodded along,
Wondering if Nature's laws were all wrong,
Reflecting, "I must study out, if I can,
Why Our Master's laws seldom govern man,
Unless it appears, quite distinct and plain
He can use Nature's laws for personal gain."
These tho'ts went down still deeper or further,
As he mused, "How can man justify murder,
Or sanction laws that grant any price,
Exacted by spirits of avarice."
Then he prayed again, "Father, I pray of Thee,
What justifies murder and self-slavery?
Must we always list to the mammon song
Which many know is inhuman and wrong?
Let me know how worldly laws can be just
That create only more blood and gold lust.
Tho' I must travel a still harder trail
If you inspire me I never shall fail
To define your truths, and sing songs of cheer
To all who will only listen and hear.
Your love for us all surely has not grown cold
For we are not *all* ruled by The Power of Gold."

A QUEER CAMP

He was roaming the tropics. There was no twilight.

When the sun retired, the day was night.
He was tired, footsore, hungry and worn,
Having traveled hard since the early morn.
Now he finally found him a sheltered spot,
Ate a bite, laid down, the ground was his cot.
The location or camp was the best he could see,
'Neath some sheltering rocks and a curious tree.
Later on, he mused, as he gazed above,
"Wonder if there is any real limit to love
Of gold, or any real limit to hate
When gold is the luring or envious bait?"
This carried him down to a still deeper theme,
As he tho't, "It would be a miraculous scheme
If an atom like I, so simple and dense,
Could be transplanted some centuries hence,
To find all my dreams or hopes realized,
Find the sciences of self all civilized,
So I might find the real trail to civilization
In this, or in any other, nation."
While wrestling drowsily with his new theme,
Morpheus interposed and inspired this dream,—

INTRODUCING OUR DREAM GOD

Before we go on with our Student's dreams,
We shall introduce the Prince of night schemes,
Since Morpheous is our ablest schemer
Or the Fairy Prince of many a dreamer,
As well as a mystical, magical sage,
Who can make one night seem an endless age,
Then reverse and make an endless event
Seem hardly more than a fleeting moment.
When he wills to instill his heartfelt convictions,
No earthly force can impose restrictions
In hearts and minds of patients he schooled
That natural laws must not be over-ruled.
When he wills to treat his patients real kind,
He easily soothes them in heart and mind,
For he can make dreamers of his choice
Feel contented, discouraged, sad or rejoice.
He can also control phantoms of the brain
To make them appear very life-like and plain.
And he surely is master of the fine art
Of revealing our hidden desires of the heart.
Morpheus now deemed it just and right
To grant our Student's wish for one night.
Now the Student slept, and Morpheous schemed,
So this was what the Student dreamed,—

DREAMING

He dreamed he slept by unseen decree,
Entranced, by the fabled sleeping tree,
The tree with its mystic, or baleful, breath,
Or shelter, invites the sleep as of death.
He felt his prayer was to be granted.
When the time had come, he would be trans-
planted.

So he slept thru more than a century,
Not a living thing ever approaching the tree.
The animal kingdom all shunned the spot,
Since they possess instincts man knoweth not.
For when danger threatens the man's very soul,
He often courts death when life were his goal.

He dreamed he lived over and over again,
Which finally produced a great mental strain.
At last his patience began to give way
And he prayed to arise from where he lay,
To hear the birds sing their songs of love
And to gaze by night at the stars above.
It seemed his spirit oft wandered afar,
Always restless, and seeking its guiding star.
Then at last a voice whispered, "Patience, Dear,
You shall find it soon, so be of good cheer."
But the voice had nothing more to tell
But whispered, gently, "Fare thee well."

He knew his long sleep was not one of mere
chance

And that he slept in a death-like trance,
Had blundered too close or near this tree
In the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and
Three.

Still his faith was intact, for he felt no fears,
Tho' he knew he'd slept over three hundred years.
Now his heart of a sudden beat hard with emotion
As he fancied he heard a distant commotion.

Then a voice, saying, "Something wrong, I fear,
For there is not a sign of life about here.

And Ruth, Dear, I haven't the slightest doubt
Some mystery lurks here, or nearabout.

Come, boys, let's go on, and Ruth, you can wait
While we go forward and investigate.

Remember, Joe, what Ruth told you,—

We should stumble on something surprising or
new

This day. And this silence convinces me
We are on the eve of some discovery."

The Student knew well that the stranger was
right.

He heard, but had lost his sense of sight.

He had often tried to rise from his bed,

Finding all but his sense of hearing was dead.

The man's voice now warned again, "Careful,
Dear,
I must beg you again to please remain here."
Then a girlish voice answered, "Look, Uncle Dan,
see,
There, there, by those rocks, that curious tree.
'Tis the strangest tree that I ever saw.
Don't you see, by those rocks that project like a
claw?"
Then she added, excitedly, "Look, Uncle Dan,
Those rocks seem to shelter the form of a man.
Come quick, Uncle, please, call Joe and Will.
The man may be hurt. He lies so still."
She now ran ahead with the speed of a deer
And her Uncle shouted, "Come, boys, quick, I
fear
That Ruth may encounter some unforeseen dan-
ger.
We know not if the man be a savage Ranger."

Ruth's words had rung with compassionate de-
votion,
Like the Hail Land Ho to a waif of the ocean.
To the Student who heard, but could not see,
His Guardian Angel so soon to be.

She was first to reach him and knelt on the
ground

And gently searched for his hurts or wound.

Not finding any, she smoothed his brow.

At her touch his eyes opened. She said, "There,
now,

Don't excite yourself, friend. Rest easy. Lie
still.

I can see you have been a long time ill."

Now he saw the girl, and he saw the tree,

And his heart beat the prayer, "Thank God I can
see."

Now he labored under a fearful strain

As he tried to arise and speak, but in vain.

Sympathy plainly showed in Ruth's eyes,

As she said, "Please, friend, do not try to arise."

Now the trio of men had reached the place.

All eagerly scanned the Student's face.

The command was freely conceded to Dan,

By virtue of being the oldest man.

Now he said, "Boys, quick, bring him out of
there.

We shall soon revive him out in the pure air.

Now, Will, produce that flask you bro't.

And, Ruth, give your patient a liberal drau't."

THE AWAKENING

Conflicting emotions surged thru his brain
As his efforts to rise still seemed in vain.
And now he prayed, "Oh, God, I pray Thee,
Let me warn these good people away from this
tree.

Do not let them sacrifice life for my sake.
I shall rest content if I never awake.
I shall never again let my patience give way
To doubts. So, please God, again I pray,
Let me tell them the nature of this tree,
Then I shall be ever thankful to Thee."

Now Ruth had gently raised his head.
Still he questioned, "Am I alive or dead?"
Forcing his teeth was a trying task
But as they opened, he emptied the flask.
The liquid instantly relaxed the strain.
He felt life coursing thru every vein,
And the very instant his tongue was free,
He shouted, "For God's sake, away from this
tree."

Now he sprang to his feet and grasped Ruth's
arm,
And all hurried away in fear and alarm.

THE FLIGHT AND EXPLANATION

Now he shouted again, "Get ye gone, I say,"
As he fairly dragged the girl away.
Ruth needed no urging, but sprang on ahead
And never a word was asked or said.
The Student and Ruth now took the lead,
All hurried off at topmost speed.
At last our Student called a halt,
Some miles from his open but lonely vault.
And then he said, "Friends, I shall now explain
That my warning was not voiced in vain.
You will discredit what I tell you, I know,
Since I have no evident proofs to show
That I slept like the dead three hundred years,
Entranced by that tree, and I entertained fears
That I might not awaken until too late
And ye might be doomed to the very same fate.
Thru all these years I have laid on my bed,
And all but my sense of hearing was dead.
When I camped there I'd prayed to be trans-
planted,
And, friends, now I know my wish is granted.
Friends, I am telling the God's honest truth.
One of ye know it, and that is Ruth.
That tree by those rocks, where she found me,
Is the fabled, African, Sleeping Tree.

RECOUNTING THE PAST

Amazement was stamped on all but one face,
As they learned the object of their mad race.
The Student could see at once that Ruth
Understood, and knew, he had told the truth.
When the mystery was explained at last,
All begged him to recount days of the past.
Tho our Student was no artist at pretentions,
All listened with breathless and wrapt attention.
He had a great many things to say,
In his honest, loyal and fearless way.
Then finally he voiced his past conviction,
That truth must still be stranger than fiction.
Then added, in quite a bitter strain,
"I see that my plea is almost in vain.
I see education is still one god
Who lacks faith in our Master's divining rod
Of love, for ye all look like men of State,
Yet your actions all seem to indicate
Doubt of me, that I speak honest truth.
So why don't ye wise men question, Ruth?
She knows courting truth meant courting danger
In my day. Yet to her it was never a stranger."

THE STUDENT'S IDEAL

The girl had softly advanced a pace
And eagerly scanned the Student's face.
Now he gently grasped her yielding hand
And said, "Yes, I know, Ruth, you understand.
For you never worshipped the gilded beast,
Nor danced your attendance at his feast.
I know you prefer God's priceless treasures
To the mammonites' riches and earthly pleasures.
What now, Friend Joe, you ask how I know?
Why I knew Ruth ages and ages ago,
When my wandering spirit roamed near or afar,
Her spirit was always my real guiding star.
I know that it ever dictated compassion,
So she can't be an ape of style or fashion.
'Tis not given for all to understand,
So I cannot resent that ye doubt me offhand
In matters that I cannot fully explain,
And if I could, I should yet speak in vain."
Ruth added, "'Tis true. Thank God I found
thee,
My loyal, true, lover of humanity."

WOUNDED PRIDE

Not a word had escaped the man called Joe
And now he said, "Friend, I fain would know
Just why you were chosen to be transplanted
Or why your prayer and wish were granted,
Why you claim to be almost the equal of Ruth.
Know ye not she is our Goddess of Truth?
Your advent is not wholly a mystery here
For Ruth predicted the day and the year
That she would find her wandering Soul Mate.
But how do you come to stand here and prate
Expressions and tho'ts to the very word,
And lines I know ye cannot have heard
If ye had slept only these last three years?
There is black art here, and I have my fears
Of mysteries that I cannot understand
And I am the acknowledged sage of the land.
All your tho'ts and expressions belong to me
For I penned them all quite recently,
And I have them all transmitted to paper.
So am I, or are you, the Modern Ape?"

SELF DEFENCE

Joe had failed completely to hide
His streak of conceit and wounded pride.
Now the Student said, softly, "Friend, envy me
not
Mine heartfelt convictions, so sorely begot.
They are all a very part of my life,
Learned in the school of hard knocks and strife.
They were never borrowed from mammon's
pages,
Nor from his obedient, servile sages.
Know ye not there are forces we cannot control?
For instance, we can't read desires of the soul,
Not even our yearning desires of the heart,
So I do not question God's most divine art
Of instilling convictions in heart and soul
That no earthly powers can hope to control.
So I do not question why I was transplanted,
'Tis enough that my prayers and wishes are
granted.
'Tis clear I was chosen to reach this goal
By forces you or I cannot control.
Now, as to the lines ye all heard me quote
Being allied to those you recently wrote,
I tell you I wrote them all, Friend Joe,
And thousands more, three hundred years ago

Or more. So 'twas some Divine telepathy
That transmitted all my tho'ts to thee."

RECONCILED

Now Joe answered, softly, "Pardon me, Friend,
That I were so dense not to comprehend,
And partook of jealous or envious drau'ts,
And hinted you borrowed or stole my tho'ts.
I cannot doubt nor discredit thee longer.
Now I feel all your songs ring clearer and
stronger
Than mine. So I swallow my envious drau'ts.
'Tis clear you have fathered all my tho'ts,
Tho'ts that are not really yours or mine,
Since they must be inspired by forces Divine.
So will you not favor us with your name?
It must surely embellish the scrolls of fame."

THE ANSWER

The Student replied, as he grasped Joe's hand,
"Friend, I thank God that you do understand,
That you know I sing a pure, natural lay
Of songs never wanted in my day.

That is why it is useless to seek my name
For it never appeared in the halls of fame.
My long sleep has clouded my memory.
Let me think, then I'll sing a few songs to thee,
And they shall convince ye, one and all,
That I never did list to the luring call
Of the sciences of self, or the lust of gains,
Since I always sang much of the following
 strains,—

THE STUDENT'S SONGS OF THE PAST

In my day the toiler need only insist
God granted him full right to exist,
Breathe the natural lows of equality,
And he stood condemned by the powers that be.
Now I'll quote ye a few lines over again,
So ye cannot fail to grasp my strain.
They are lines I wrote and sang in my youth.
The first I called the Goddess of Truth.
Then one called, Our Garden of Humanity
And, Blazing Trails to Christianity.
Then songs that would benefit any nation,
And then, The Birth of Real Civilization.
Now, friends, since I've slept thru all these years,
I am still entertaining my doubts and fears .

My heart-songs were sung to little avail,
For I sang without swinging the golden flail.
The songs I have sung are only a few
That I know were condemned by mammon's crew,
And in my position I cannot yet say
If ye now sing a natural or modern lay."
Joe said, "Friend, to-day we cast no pearls to
 swine,
Our heart-songs are hailed as all but Divine."

PROFESSOR DAN

As yet few words had been spoken by Dan,
Who, as we have said, was the oldest man.
But now he came forward, explained his voca-
 tion
As the greatest scientist of all the nation.
And then he grasped the Student's hand,
Saying, "Fear not, my Friend, we now under-
 stand."
Then he added, smiling, "Listen, ye all,
We have seen our Joe's pride experience a fall,
But only to arise greater than ever,
And create him a friend even death could not
 sever.

He dared to question our Master's decree
In matters not given for us to see."
Then he added, teasingly, "Look, you Joe,
How much we imagine, how little we know,
With all our great knowledge we still seem vain
And selfish, compared to this stranger's strain
Of sentiment that wells up from the heart,
Superceding all sentiment of brainy art.
But enough of this Joe, can you not feel
That Ruth is this wandering spirit's ideal?
Can you not yet see, thru your blindness of youth,
That our Ruth reflects his Goddess of Truth?"

A STRANGE CEREMONY

Now Joe joined Ruth's and the Student's hands,
Saying, joyfully, "Yes, now I do understand.
Methought I were wise in spite of my youth
But stranger, here, take your Goddess of Truth.
She is loyal, faithful, devoted and true
And we know the same traits also govern you.
We know you have studied the farce of life,
So will know how to honor a natural wife.
Come, Parson Will, and you, Uncle Dan,
Come, let us appease the gods, if we can.

There, thank you, Parson, What say you, Dan,
Of our natural examples of woman and man?"

THE CHRISTENING

Dan answered, Well, if I can have a say,
I tell you, my boy, I think your way.
I dearly love my Ruth, and you, Joe,
None the less this stranger we hardly know
As yet, but I'll stake my very life
He will treasure his loyal and natural wife
Since I feel and know he will play life's game
So as to bring honor on any name.
The two are now one, and the die is cast.
If he wills, his name may rest with the past.
So let us christen our wandering stranger.
What say ye all if we call him The Ranger?"

THE EXPLANATION AND BLESSING

The Ranger was pleased with his new name,
His heart went out to this man of fame.
Now he said, with a smile, "The name is not
strange
To me. I've prospected God's big open range,

Often worshipped its grand and majestic beauty,
Which I think also taught me my natural duty.
And this was to teach that all men should be free
In our Beautiful Garden of Humanity.

The past only casts up dark regrets
For me, since I could not pay my debts
To humanity, that I would pay in my day,
Conventions that glittered barred the way,
Because earthly gods ruled the ruling clan,
So a man would hardly dare be a man.
So ye can understand why I would forget
My name, and the past, that bring only regret."

Here Dan interrupted, "Yes, friend, we know
You are right, for history proves it all so.

But come, let us go, the hour is late.

If we linger longer we may tempt fate."

Then all gave Ruth and The Ranger their blessing

In tones that sounded strangely caressing.

Then they started off at a moderate gait,

The Ranger following with his Soul Mate.

A SONG OF THE HEART

When the trio was scarcely out of hearing,
The Ranger prayed for terms endearing
Enough to compel heart and soul to state
His faith and love for God and his Mate.
At last he managed to find his voice,
Then prayed, "Oh, God, in Thee I rejoice,
That you sent my guardian angel to me,
To protect mine heart and soul thru Thee.
So I am content, but again I pray Thee,
Make me worthy of her divine love to be.
Let her feel, when she found her apparent
stranger

She found her Soul Mate in me, The Ranger.—
And now, Ruth, Dearest, how shall I tell thee
You have opened up paradise here for me?
Need I tell you I glory in your every smile,
So full of compassion, so free from guile?
When I first gazed into your wonderful eyes,
I noted your look of wondering surprise,
And I saw the love-light reflected there,
So pure I had not hoped to find anywhere.
Hush, Ruth dearest, do not speak, for my sake,
Lest it all be a dream and I awake."

RUTH'S ENCORE

Ruth answered, softly, "No, 'tis not a dream.
Your faith and love are grand and supreme."
Then she added, gently, "I heard thee pray.
So list, Ranger dear, to what I shall say.
You prayed God to make you worthy of me.
So I pray He makes me worthy of thee.
Since my finding you was all so ordained,
'Tis a truth that need not be further explained.
Yet I stand amazed at your faith and love,
As a gift and treasure sent me from above,
Even purer than unalloyed virgin gold,
So pure it can never be bought or sold.
I also know the real mission of life
And will strive to make you a loyal wife.
Pray God He trust your love in my keeping
And I shall guard it, waking or sleeping.
Your songs ring out so loyal and clear
That I love you heart and soul, Ranger Dear.
All your words found their echo in my heart
And soul, so I pray we shall nevermore part.
I know you are cast as from God's truest mold,
Independent of all the past Power of Gold.
And I know you are sent as from heaven's gate
To me, your ideal, to your own Soul Mate."

MEMORIES OF BYGONE DAYS

When Ruth referred to past powers of gold,
His tho'ts flashed back to the days of old.
He surmised, by her reference to the past,
That the Power of Gold was broken at last,
The power that made many pray that the morrow
Might end their miseries, sufferings, or sorrow,
Compelled men to steal their own like thieves . . .
And the lives God gave them to escape griefs.
But these specters gave way to each loving word
Of Ruth's, the sweetest he'd ever heard.
Then he felt a happiness, without alloy,
And fairly crushed her, in his supreme joy.
Both were silent now, and love's desires reigned,
And their joy was pure, untainted, unfeigned.
Neither had ever worshipped pretense as an art,
So both knew the language of eyes and heart,
Soon after, Ruth struggled from his embrace,
Saying, "Dear, come, we must hasten our pace.
'Tis dangerous to tarry. 'Twill soon be night
So please let us hurry while yet it be light.
These wilds are infested by wild beasts of prey.
Uncle Dan may fear we have lost our way."
Then she added, "Come, Dear, our love will not
scatter,
Tho we hurry, and nothing else can matter."

BROKEN REVERIES

So these children of God, so strangely met,
Hurried over life's trail without any regret,
As if they had traveled it years and years
In other realms, other worlds or spheres.
The Ranger fell into a deep reverie.
Ruth broke in, saying, gently, "Dear, I can see
You are still engrossed with your many past
dreams

And I know the nature of your mental themes,
For my spirit has often heard yours sing
Of the joys real civilization would bring,
For it sang thru all these ages and years
And still you seem to entertain fears
That perhaps after all it sang in vain,
That no one heard its compassionate strain.
But in this, Ranger Dear, I know you are wrong.
Many doubting spirits did hear your song,
Tho they were confined to a narrow scope
By those who let no one inspire any hope,
Always branding heart-songs fanatic gammon
That were not inspired by the gods of mammon.
This tribe did rule about every nation,
Were the real stumbling-blocks to civilization.
So I know all this is good news to you.
Now I'll tell you your dream that *did* come true."

REVELATIONS

“When I found you sleeping beneath that tree,
'Twas as if a new life were born unto me.
Then later my heart cried out against Joe
When he doubted you. But he could not know
As you do, that the spirit of truth never dies,
Will outlive the most foul or scientific lies.
Scientific pretense has almost passed away,
So rampant and worshipped in your day,
But natural conceit still exists, as you know,
And oh how I loved you, as you forgave Joe,
Then enlightened him fully, so he could see
That no mortal can govern his own destiny.
I fancy or feel you must have surmised
That scientific selfishness is civilized.
Its claws were burned, that cured the itches
Of selfish, despoiling, gods of riches.
This burning process had been hardly begun
When the rule of material gods was done.
And then newlaws broke all laws of self
And our scientific love of ill-gotten pelf.
Christ's teachings are no longer taught as of old
To thousands of different jingles of gold.
Now we don't worship scientific beasts of prey,
As was style or fashion in your day.

Self-slavery is history, growing quite old,
And now we don't measure genius by gold.
Since earthly gods have all passed away,
Our Master can rule, and we try to obey."

REJOICING

Now The Ranger rejoiced as never before,
As Ruth went on to complete her score.
Now she added, "Ranger, dear, I have no doubt
You would like to know how this was bro't about.
Societies, formed soon after your day,
Began by teaching the meaning of A.
They opposed all selfish, material gods
And all those ruled by their scientific rods
Of hate, and were known as Altruists,
Tho at first they were branded rank anarchists.
They soon gained strength in every nation,
Then formed one great brotherly association
And were known by the emblems of AA
And they tau't the true altruistic lay.
Very few fell victims to selfish claws,
Yet this only seemed to strengthen their cause.
Their emblems stood for Anti Avarism,
Which was heart and soul of their catechism.

For they soon tau't all honest men to see
All the trails that led to their misery.
In this way they bro't blessings to every land.
So now, Ranger Dear, you must understand
Worlds cannot longer be ruled as of old
By the luring, accursed Power of Gold."

A REGRETFUL AWAKENING

As Ruth was completing her welcome score,
The Ranger heard the distinct lion's roar
And he also felt the biting sting
Of the cold, as he heard the Jungle King
In this lonely, far-away African night.
Then fear of Ruth's safety increased his fright.
Now the tension broke and he *did* awake,
To arise, and find it was just daybreak.
He eagerly looked around to find Ruth
And then he realized the whole truth,
Which caused his heart to sink like lead
As he mused, "Ah, better that I were dead,
Had carried my dreams down into my grave,
Where I know no man needs to be a slave.
But now I must blunder along as of old,
A slave or a toy of The Power of Gold."







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